

# The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL '95

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, V.C., THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, WHO OPENED THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT ON MAY 30.

*This Photograph in khaki was quite recently specially taken by Lyddell Sawyer, of Regent Street, W., to form the centre of a group of all the "C.I.V." officers; Earl Roberts being the Hon. Colonel.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The King at Virginia Water—Derby Day—The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York at Sydney—The New South Wales Cadets—The Tournament.*

VIRGINIA WATER has many memories of happy childhood for the King. There is somewhere preserved a leviathan amongst toy-boats which His Majesty used to sail on the lake, and the fishing picnics which the Prince Consort used to organise for his children were amongst the most enjoyable amusements of the Court at Windsor. His Majesty took with him to his Virginia Water picnic two statesmen who carry a very large share of the burdens of the Empire on their shoulders, Lord Salisbury and Lord Milner, and who must have been very glad to forget for a time the cares of statesmanship and to relegate South African and Chinese questions to the background while they watched the Royal children playing by the lakeside.

To-day is Derby Day, and though, from what coaching-men tell me, I should fancy it will not be a record year in the number of carriages on the hill, still, there is sure to be a vast crowd of people, for the race is a very open one, and the typical Englishman likes to see half-a-dozen favourites come to the post. My own fancy is—but no, I will not trench on Captain Coe's ground.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are seeing Australia very thoroughly. The Duchess has eaten a damper-cake and has drunk tea out of a "billy," and the Duke has witnessed the cutting-out of a mob of cattle, and has been presented with a gold-mounted stock-whip. I trust that neither the damper-cake, which is the most indigestible substitute for bread under the sun, nor the stock-whip, the lash of which has a vicious way of coming back into a beginner's face, caused their Royal Highnesses any inconvenience. The Duke and Duchess landed at Sydney in good weather, and gratified all patriotic New South Wales by admiring enthusiastically the view of the town from the harbour and the luxuriant greenery of the Domain, where the lawns run down to meet the blue waters of Farm Cove and Woolloomooloo Bay. A hundred and thirteen years ago, Captain Phillip, who had previously looked at Botany Bay, sailed past the Heads with a fleet of transports and store-ships, and made the first settlement. Governor Phillip's statue stands to-day in the Domain for all men to see, and his city, which was named after Lord Sidney, who was Secretary of State for the Colonies when New South Wales was proclaimed British territory, has thriven amazingly, and has a Town Hall which is one of the largest in the world, and an organ which is actually the biggest and most powerful one ever made by man, and which cost £13,000.

The review which their Royal Highnesses witnessed at Sydney was not as important, in the matter of numbers, as that at Melbourne; but it was quite as interesting, for New South Wales can show what is probably the finest cavalry in the world, and it was marked by an incident unique at a present-day parade, the gift of a scarf worked under the direction of Her late Majesty, a personal gift from the Sovereign to him amongst her Colonial soldiers judged by his comrades to be the bravest among the brave.

The Duke was much struck with the fine appearance of the cadets at the Sydney review, and made a point of seeing them a second time during the day. The military experts who were on the ground were also very pleased with the soldierly bearing of the lads who are the rising generation of New South Wales.

There are Australian cavalrymen at the Agricultural Hall this June, and they are, if not the real thing, at least a very good imitation of it. The Pageant this year brings into the arena representatives of most, if not all, the corps, Indian, British, and Colonial, which were represented at the festivities held to celebrate the inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth, and which formed part of that wonderful procession, seven miles in length, which wound along the roads of Sydney. The effect when the troops are massed is more gorgeous than usual, for the Indian contingent, with the blues and greens of its uniforms, varies pleasantly the red and khaki to which we are accustomed. It is always said laughingly that, wherever in the world three Englishmen come together, they hold a race-meeting, and it is perfectly natural that at a frontier post, as is shown in the Display of All Arms, the British garrison should hold a gymkhana, and it is also quite in the usual sequence of events that the unfriendly clans in the vicinity should seize the opportunity to attack the camp.

The Horse Artillery this year bring six guns into the arena for their driving competition, whereas last year they used only four. Though the six guns have to manœuvre at a gallop in what seems to be a very cramped space, Horse Gunners tell me that it is easier to go through the evolutions with the six than with the four guns. The absolute novelty of the Tournament is the display of the Marine Artillery—a corps which has never been represented at Islington before—and the great semi-mobile gun they bring in on a lorry. This gun is a type of the weapons that the sailors and marines brought up just in time at Ladysmith. Congratulations to Major-General Sir Henry Trotter, Colonel F. C. Ricardo, Major C. W. King, Bandmaster J. M. Rogan, who conducts the British Army Quadrilles so well, and to all concerned in securing the success of this year's Tournament, which Earl Roberts opened and His Majesty has graciously signified his intention of attending this week.

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*Derby Day!—The Official Tip for the One, Two, Three—My First Derby—"Ranji" in Fine Form—Lord Milner Over-trained—A Portrait of "The Man in the Street."*

THE Derby Day! There are very few of us to whom the words do not bring back memories of the open Downs thronged with huge crowds, of the Grand Stand black with people, the carriages, the enclosures, the horses, and all the rest that goes to make up the one great horse-race of the year for "The Man in the Street." Most of us can remember losing a bit, or, what is far better, winning a bit, over the great race—the "classic," as my friends the sporting reporters have taken to calling it. And, if tips were all true, there is not one of us who would not be a millionaire, and the bookies would be all broke. For my part, the official tip is good enough for me, and, as the race will be run soon after these lines are in print, I do not mind saying how I get it.

On Friday last the weights for the Handicap at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting were published, and included among the horses were the first eight animals in the betting for to-day's Derby. The public have made Volodyovski favourite, a good bit in front of Handicapper, but the Official Handicapper puts them level at nine stone apiece. Floriform he and the public put third, so that is all right; but then the public, as shown by the betting, put Revenue, Cottager, Lord Bobs, Tantalus, and Veronese in the order given. On the other hand, the Official Handicapper gives Lord Bobs, Tantalus, Veronese, Revenue, and Cottager as his order, so that there is considerable difference of opinion over Lord Bobs and Cottager. Before the race is run, there will, no doubt, be several alterations in the betting, but it is instructive to note that the official and the general public put the one, two, three in the same order. If the experience of the one and the instinct of the many go for anything, we shall see Volodyovski, Handicapper, and Floriform pass the judge in the order named. But, then, things don't always happen as they ought.

The first Derby I ever saw—a good many years ago, I am sorry to say—I went to on foot. I was staying at Surbiton, and walked across to Epsom with a couple of friends. It was a beautiful June day, and we went by all sorts of short-cuts across country without any dust or any crowd until we struck the high-road, and then we had plenty of both. We got to the Downs before the racing began, saw every race, and walked home comfortably in the evening. As a rule, "The Man in the Street" goes by train, and going by train, whether it is to the Derby or to any other great meeting-place, is always exactly the same—the same old rush, same old crush; nothing new. And when you get up to the course you have the advantage of seeing the Clubman driving comfortably up behind four smart animals. On a fine day, there is nothing like driving down to Epsom from London if the rain has laid the dust overnight, but it has to be done comfortably or not at all. I do not care to make one of a huge party dragged by one or two wretched screws that will have every reason to look back on Derby Day with disgust. And my pleasantest recollections are those of the Derby which I visited on Shanks's mare.

"Ranji" has not lost much time in getting into form. His display against Somerset last week was quite in his best style. He was at the wickets only a couple of hours for his 133, and scored at a rate rather faster than a run per minute. He never made a mistake the whole time, and that he was pretty active is shown by the fact that he scored nineteen fours. It is just over six years ago that he scored his first century in first-class cricket, and in those six years he has run up over forty centuries. A pretty good record for a man who never took to cricket until he was nearly grown up. By the way, the Indian Prince's Jubilee Cricket Book has just been published in a sixpenny edition. Congratulations to the Prince on the deserved popularity of his book. "The Man in the Street" came down with his fourpence-halfpenny on the day of publication.

Like all true Britons, I gave Lord Milner a cheer when he came to London. At first sight, he does not give one the idea of a great master of men, but that, of course, is the usual rule. He looked well, but fine-drawn, like a man who is just a bit over-trained. I have seen a good many men with that look on their faces, and it always means over-work, either mental or athletic. A short rest is all that is needed, and every Englishman will be glad that Lord Milner is to have a little well-earned repose.

I am flattered to see how much attention "The Man in the Street" has attracted during the past year. Even a literary paper has, in a copy which a friend has sent me, busied itself with my identity. This is its ideal portrait: "Where does he live, 'The Man in the Street'? None knows, but it is certain that he promenades the Strand about one o'clock, and again about five. His age is thirty-five; he is unmarried, and wears a short beard. He is not rich, but can do himself well on a small income. . . . For ourselves, we have a premonition that, if we saw him, we should recognise him." No, sir, you would not, if that is your idea of "The Man in the Street," for he is in almost every particular the opposite of the description given above.



### "THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC.

THERE can be little doubt about the ultimate success of "The Silver Slipper," even if on the first-night there were some sounds of disfavour. It seems the fate of such works to go through a kind of teething process, but, probably, ere this is published the trouble will be over, the scenes at the Fair will have been cut down, the work

the pretty inhabitants of the planet Venus seem to know a good deal, though all the inhabitants of their sphere belong to the adorable sex. Yet, perhaps, success will be as much due to the humours of Mr. Edouin as Twanks, the horsey scamp, full of resource, impudence, and vanity, who captures a band of maidens from Venus and exhibits them in a booth at Neuilly Fair. Mr. Edouin is really rich in humour, and capable of making fun out of a part however poorly drawn; his



MISS WINIFRED HARE, WHO SUCCESSFULLY CREATED THE CHARACTER OF STELLA IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

will be taken more briskly, and the Lyric Theatre will have another fruitful success, due in no small degree to the enterprise of the Management in lavishing money on the new production. For once, Mr. "Owen Hall" has attempted to give a note of fantasy to his libretto, and one of the most popular parts of the piece will be the scene in which Stella is tried for her crime of trying to communicate with the men of whom

stable airs and graces are irresistible, and his comic business of offering a pledge of friendship to every stranger—a threepenny penknife, for which he exacts in return a trifling coin of several times its value—told every time. It remains to be seen which of Mr. Leslie Stuart's melodies will "take the cake"; several are in the running—or, one might say, the "cake-walking," for the composer, faithful to success, is



lavish in "cake-walk" flavour. Probably "Four-and-twenty Little Men" will win, though the double sestett, "Come little girl and tell me truly," strongly reminiscent of the most successful number in "Florodora," will run it close. Moreover, the two songs inimitably sung by Miss Connie Ediss, "Good Behaviour" and "Class," are sure to be heard far and wide. Miss Winifred Hare, the prima donna, has not a very good chance of showing how cleverly she can act, but she sang her songs capitally and is sure to become a great favourite; and Miss Coralie Blythe, in what one might call a Kate Cutler part, played and sang very prettily—it might be wise to cut her pathos scene with Mr. Edouin, for the house refused to take him *au sérieux*. Mr. Bradfield sang capitally, and had a warm reception, whilst Mr. Leoni sang charmingly a very pretty song called "Two Eyes of Blue." Mr. Dagnall had a rather thankless task in presenting the infatuated old astronomer, which he accomplished successfully. It is also only fair to mention Miss Edith Neville, who acted cleverly in a short scene, and the lady, whose name I did not discover, who sang the solo in the invocation to Venus, for which Mr. Stuart has written some ambitious and melodious music. The hosts of pretty girls, full of activity and "go," who fill the stage as

Empire to France, or in the moments of dejection when crushed by the thought that the Hapsburg blood in her veins, inherited from her frivolous mother, is fatal to her character and her schemes. M. Coquelin, too, has full scope for his gifts in the part of Sergeant Flambeau, one of the terrible old grenadiers of Napoleon, an immensely picturesque figure superbly presented. I have not space this week to speak of the other players who present the finely drawn characters of the beautifully mounted tragedy, which shows in the style of the youthful author qualities which may render him one of the really great figures in the history of drama.

### "A LADY FROM TEXAS," AT PENLEY'S.

MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR made a pretty plea to the critics not to be too hard upon her play, and *The Sketch*, I fear, would be too gallant not to accede if there were really occasion. However, there is no need to make allowances beyond taking into account the fact that the authoress is almost a novice. For the play is

Cecilia Flinders (Miss Pateman). Poffley (Mr. A. Fitzgerald). Marjory Seaton (Miss Bateman). Lord Strathpeffer (Mr. Hawtreys). Mrs. Tidmarsh (Miss Brough).

Gabriel Gilwattle (Mr. Kemble). Mrs. Ditchwater (Miss Bartlett). Nathaniel Bodfish (Mr. Lyle).

Dawes (Mr. Playfair).



Toomer (Mr. Welford).

Mrs. Bodfish (Miss Rachel).

Montague Tidmarsh (Mr. Ford).

Mrs. Gilwattle (Miss Victor). Jeremiah Ditchwater (Mr. Holman Clark). Miss Bagle (Miss Ewell).

THE FAMOUS DINNER-SCENE IN THE SECOND ACT OF "THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S," BY F. ANSTEY, AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

English students and Paris art-students, as "Cyprians" and in other characters, must be nameless; they, thanks no doubt to the American invasion, which has added to the vivacity of the English chorus, and to the stage-management of Mr. Ellison, contributed no little to the gaiety of the evening.

### "L'AIGLON," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

THE production of "L'Aiglon" at her Majesty's is, of course, the event of the week, and naturally the Bernhardt-Coquelin combination in the newest Rostand play proves a great draw. "L'Aiglon" by many critics is deemed a finer work than the more popular "Cyrano de Bergerac," and it gives to the divine Sarah, as the hapless Napoleon II., a great opportunity of showing her amazing gifts. Indeed, although the piece contains no great sensation scene à la Sardou, it at least permits the grand actress to give a superb and, at moments, thrilling study of the youth too weak to bear the heavy burden of an Imperial Crown. Few will ever forget her in the moments of exaltation when she deems that the Napoleonic spirit is in her, and that she can really accomplish her mission of restoring the

decidedly clever, and in many scenes really entertaining, and the central figure is one of the truest and most entertaining studies of the lively American widow that we have had upon the stage. Indeed, Mrs. O'Fish Withers, the lady who made millions out of meat-pies and then married a Duke, is thoroughly amusing, and she serves very usefully in the play by preventing a silly woman from throwing herself away upon a worthless fellow. The part was capitally acted by Miss Kitty Cheatham, whom playgoers will recollect very agreeably on account of the clever work she did when she came over with Augustin Daly and Miss Ada Rehan, whose continued absence we all deplore so sincerely. Mr. Leonard Boyne represented the naughty Colonel who makes love to three women at a time and has the misfortune to pay his addresses to all in the very same words, a fact which enables the "Lady from Texas" to make him look very foolish before his intended victims, and even drive him out of the field. The actor was very successful in giving a light, airy touch to a part which, if played heavily, would have been very ugly. Miss Cynthia Brooke, who, of course, looked very handsome, acted in excellent style as the *femme incomprise*. At the conclusion, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor made a pretty little speech, admirably delivered, which reminded one somewhat of the famous speeches of poor John Toole.



A COURT COMEDY.

“ANOTHER WOMAN” seems to be regarded nowadays as so potent a factor in the plays of the moment that the merest observer of things theatrical is apt to be altogether unstartled by the fact that the Court Theatre management has replaced “A Woman in the Case” with a play called “Women are So Serious.”

This newest play concerning “the Eternal Feminine” is an adaptation by Mr. Brandon Thomas of “Celles Qu'on Respecte,” by M. Pierre Wolff. In adapting a play at once so trivial and so trite in its motive, the author of “Charley’s Aunt” has done his work in as clever and as cleanly a manner as was possible. The leading character is Harold Twyford, who in one respect strongly resembles that earliest of Mr. Wyndham’s successful characters, namely, Bob Sackett in “Brighton,” in that each lovely lady upon whom he gazes is the only woman he has ever loved. As played, however, by Mr. Fred Kerr, this analogue of the susceptible Sackett in the new Court play is anything but dashing, although he is certainly droll. A more spirited method of playing on Mr. Kerr’s part would certainly give the needed touch of vivacity to “Women are So Serious.” On the other hand, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, as the handsome but somewhat weary young wife who falls *pro tem.* under the glamour of the supposedly Lothario-like Twyford; Mr. George Giddens, as the weary wife’s wearying but well-meaning husband; Miss Constance Collier, as the somewhat languid Lothario’s flung-aside but fiery *fiancée*; and Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, as an artful widow, all act in the proper volcanic spirit necessary for this class of work. “Women are So Serious,” which is beautifully gowned and staged, is preceded by songs by that picturesque and pleasing troupe called “The Musketeer Concert Party.”

CROQUET CHAMPIONSHIP.

To succeed at croquet, one must not regard it as an opportunity for flirtation. This impression was probably felt by many who witnessed at Wimbledon the play at the Championship Meeting, brought to a close a few days since. R. N. Raper, who was Irish Champion last year, is now the Champion. He beat in an early round “Bonham Carter,” who in the very early days of the game’s popularity gained, under his proper name of Evelegh, Championship honours, yet is still one of the best of players. Miss Gower, of South Wales, is now the Lady Champion.

THE MANCHESTER CUP.

This coveted racing trophy (won on May 31 by Mr. J. Dawson junior’s Rambling Katie) is a very handsome piece of the silversmith’s art, Greek in character. At the foot of the cup are two figures, one emblematical of War and the other of Peace and Industry. The centre panel contains a fine *repoussé* group, representing a modern horse-race, and the cover is surmounted by a beautifully modelled figure of “Civilisation” supporting a shield emblazoned with the Arms of the City of Manchester. The cup was executed by the Manchester house of Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited.



THE MANCHESTER CUP.

With regard to “The Lover’s Replies to an Englishwoman’s Love-Letters,” Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. wish it to be stated that the writer is an Englishman, and that the work does not come from America.

The photographs of Chelsea Hospital in last week’s *Sketch*, illustrating Mr. Brooklyn’s article on that historic institution, were taken by a firm which has secured a well-deserved reputation for this kind of work—Messrs. S. B. Bolas and Co., of 68, Oxford Street, W.

Hasten to the Gaiety all ye who haven’t yet been tickled by the best light musical comedy in town, for “The Messenger Boy” will in a very few nights give place to the sparkling new comic opera Mr. George Edwardes is rehearsing for the delectation of his patrons. Like “Maisie,” George generally manages to “get right there.”

NOTES ON PICTURE GALLERIES.

MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES and CO., Pall Mall, are exhibiting Mr. H. Jamyn Brooks’s picture of “Queen Victoria’s Last Ceremony”—the reception of Lord Roberts and his Staff on their return from South Africa. The artist has been at much pains to ensure accuracy in his representation of the scene, which, it will be remembered, took place in the drawing-room at Osborne. Her Majesty presents a dignified figure, depicted with much reverence and sympathy; while the Indian orderly who is making his obeisance affords an opportunity for strong colour in contrast with her sombre raiment. Some members of the Royal Family are present, in addition to Lord Roberts, Lord Stanley (his Private Secretary), and Lieutenant-Colonel Cowan (his Military Secretary).

At the same gallery there is on view a collection of sketches executed in representation of various State functions, at the command of the late Queen, by Mr. R. F. Pritchett. These designs cover thirty years, from 1870 to 1900, and thus form a historical record of no slight interest. We may see representations of the street-decorations on the occasion of the Thanksgiving for the recovery of the then Prince of Wales, and we are forcibly reminded of similar scenes on the day of the Diamond Jubilee a quarter of a century later. Many other drawings suggestive of the joy and grief of the Queen’s life, the glory of her reign, and its far-reaching influence on our national life and the growth of the Empire are included.

A picture of the meeting of Sir Redvers Buller and Sir George White at Ladysmith, executed in the studios of Messrs. Dickinson and Foster, New Bond Street, where it is exhibited, is remarkable for the fact that it contains two hundred and fifty carefully rendered portraits of those who went through the siege or were present at the relief. The meeting takes place outside the Town Hall at Ladysmith, among the notable figures being those of General Ian Hamilton, Lord Dundonald, Sir A. Hunter, and Captain Lambton. Many of those who assisted in this historic incident have expressed approval of the picture.

It is a remarkable circumstance that a small piece of limestone, found by Mrs. Bacon at Ober-Ammergau, in certain conditions of light presents the aspect of a cameo portrait of the Saviour. The effect is produced by the shadows cast by the projections on the stone. Scientific investigation shows that the stone is in its natural state and has not been cut. It may be seen at the Doré Gallery, and is truly a surprising curiosity.

GLASGOW EXHIBITION A FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

This Exhibition, which had a splendid start with brilliant weather and record attendances, is already a financial success, which may be safely called a record in Exhibition management. The money drawn from season-tickets has defrayed more than half the cost of the buildings, while the rents for spaces and stands will, it is believed, cover the remainder. Emile Zola, Marie Corelli, and Mr. Rhodes are all expected in the Scottish Highlands this season. Should Mr. Rhodes, as may be expected, visit the Exhibition, he will find a compact and interesting exhibit of gold, coal, and various products from Rhodesia in the east end of the Grand Industrial Hall. The four Russian Pavilions, it is hoped, may be ready for opening in about a week hence, while the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, accompanied by Lady Cadogan, is expected to visit the Exhibition and undertake a special function in connection with the Irish Pavilion.

SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.—DERBY DAY and OAKS DAY.—BOOK TO TATTENHAM CORNER, the ONLY STATION ACTUALLY ON THE COURSE, for EPSOM SUMMER MEETING, June 4, 5, 6, and 7.

	FROM	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
CHARING CROSS	dep.	7:23	8:10	8:40	9:20	9:24	9:42	10:25
WATERLOO JUNCTION	...	7:25	8:12	8:42	9:22	9:26	9:44	10:27
ST. PAUL'S	...	...	8:20	...	...	...	9:55	...
CANNON STREET	...	7:52	8:20	8:55	9:23	...	9:44	10:22
LONDON BRIDGE	...	7:55	8:28	8:58	9:28	9:30	10:2	10:32
EAST CROYDON	...	8:23	8:50	9:20	9:50	9:53	10:25	10:55
TATTENHAM CORNER	arr.	8:50	9:20	9:50	10:20	10:33	10:55	11:25

	FROM	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
CHARING CROSS	dep.	10:43	10:55	11:17	12:3	12:15	12:50	1:30
WATERLOO JUNCTION	...	10:45	10:57	11:19	12:5	12:17	12:52	1:32
ST. PAUL'S	...	...	10:55	...	...	12:30	...	...
CANNON STREET	...	10:53	11:0	11:35	11:58	12:25	12:58	1:25
LONDON BRIDGE	...	11:2	11:5	11:38	12:10	12:37	1:5	1:37
EAST CROYDON	...	11:25	11:29	12:0	12:33	1:0	1:28	2:0
TATTENHAM CORNER	arr.	11:55	12:3	12:30	1:3	1:30	1:58	2:30

‡ Change Trains at London Bridge. Additional Trains will also be run as found necessary.

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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*King Edward and the Derby.*

King Edward, although, of course, he will not be present to see the historic race run to-day (June 5), is taking, we may be sure, the very keenest interest in the great contest. This time last year His Majesty's well-named colt, Diamond Jubilee, won for his Royal owner the King's second Derby. By a curious coincidence, both Lord Rosebery and King Edward are debarred this year by deep mourning, in each case for the loss of a beloved and venerated mother, from taking any save a platonic interest in the first Derby of the century. Let us hope that both His Majesty and the ex-Premier will live to beat the record of Sir Joseph Hawley, who alone had the good-fortune to win the Derby four times. Few people, even among those interested in horse-breeding, are aware of what the country owes in the matter to King Edward. His Majesty for over thirty years has devoted himself actively to the production of harness-horses, and it may be respectfully hoped that in this matter the Duke of Cornwall and York will follow his father's example, for last week's grand sale at Wolferton was the last which will be held there.

*His Majesty's First God-child.*

His Majesty has, of course, innumerable god-sons, perhaps the most distinguished of them all being Lord Fincastle, who won his Victoria Cross under peculiarly romantic and interesting circumstances; but the first baby who had the honour of being actually held at the font by His Majesty as reigning Sovereign was the infant daughter of Sir James Reid, the much-trusted physician of Her late Majesty. Lady Reid, who was, it will be remembered, Miss Susan Baring, a younger sister of Lord Revelstoke, was before her marriage one of Queen Victoria's most-trusted Maids-of-Honour, and an intimate friend of several of the younger members of the Royal Family. The christening took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and was attended by the King in person. King Edward is the most generous of god-fathers, and generally presents the fortunate babies to whom he stands as sponsor with a handsome gift, which as often as not consists of a gold tankard.

Peculiar interest attaches to their Majesties' latest stay at Windsor, inasmuch that it was the first time that Queen Alexandra had made a real sojourn in the Royal Borough since King Edward's Accession. Her Majesty is said to be much delighted with the spring beauty of the lovely gardens immediately surrounding that portion of the Castle now inhabited by the Royal Family. The Castle gardens are very much larger than would be imagined by anyone looking at the Castle from the Long Walk. Particularly beautiful is the pleasurea formerly known as the Bowling Green, which is situated just beneath the East Terrace; but the Queen, who is devoted to gardening, prefers the delightful Alpine Garden. What a "happy thought" it was of the King to take Lords Salisbury and Milner for a jaunt to Virginia Water!

*The Queen's Motor-Car.*

The news that Queen Alexandra has been driving in the neighbourhood of her Norfolk home in the charming and smart little victoriette lately built for her by a British firm will naturally give a great impulsion to the horseless carriage. So far, English ladies have not taken very kindly to the motor-car, but many Parisiennes delight in this mode of locomotion, among those who have become enthusiastic *chauffeuses* being "Gyp," the volatile novelist, and the Duchesse d'Uzès. Her Majesty, who was at one time one of the straightest lady riders to hounds in the kingdom, has a very sure eye, and she is said to have mastered the art of driving a motor-car more quickly than did the King himself.

*Queen Alexandra and the "L.K.A."*

As Princess of Wales, Queen Alexandra took a very active personal interest in the Ladies' Kennel Association, and last year Her Majesty made a point of being present at the Summer Fête organised by the "L.K.A." in the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park. Though Her Gracious Majesty was, naturally, not able to be present this year, the seventh Summer Fête of the "L.K.A." proved as brilliantly successful as ever. It may be truly said that dogs are the fashionable craze of the moment, and all the better-known women in Society are now, in a more or less serious sense, dog-fanciers, every great lady having her own special breed; while the Grand Council of the "L.K.A." numbers among its members two Princesses, three Duchesses, and six Countesses! Some beautiful cats were also shown at the Botanical Gardens, among the judges who decided the difficult question of prizes being Mr. Louis Wain.

*Sacred Relics.*

King Edward and Queen Alexandra have set aside as sacred relics all those small personal objects used by Queen Victoria which have not been distributed, as have so many of the late Sovereign's personal possessions, among her sorrowing children, friends, and servants. Many relics of the greatest of women

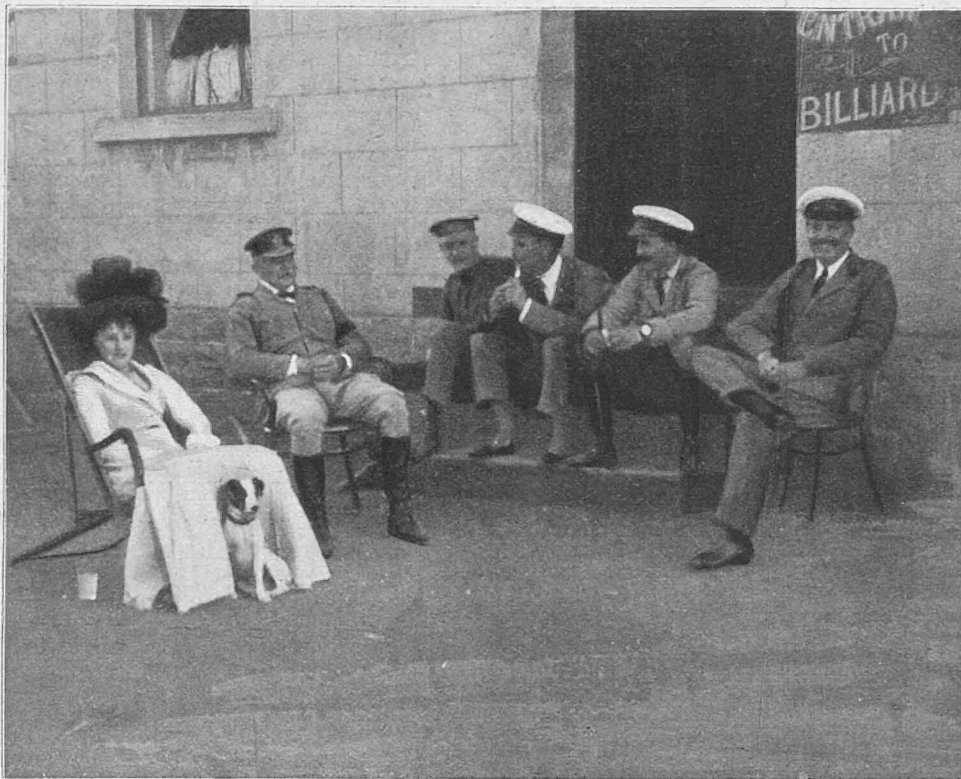
Sovereigns will ultimately find a place in the Long Corridor at Windsor Castle. It is probable that soon all the many portraits of the late Queen and Prince Albert now hanging all over the Castle will be gathered together; these include some very fine paintings, notably a particularly charming Landseer, done within the first three years of Her Majesty's marriage, showing Prince Albert in stalking-dress, the Queen standing by his side, and the Empress Frederick playing with two fine dogs on the floor.

The Duke of Cornwall and York has often been fated to spend his birthday far from his native land, rarely, however, under such pleasant circumstances as those of last Monday (June 3), for the heartiest greetings and congratulations were sent to His Royal Highness from every portion of the British Empire. Nov. 9 has long been a memorable date to the English-speaking world, and,

doubtless, after this first year of mourning for our late beloved Sovereign, June 3 will be duly celebrated as should be the birthday of the Heir-Apparent, though there still seems some doubt as to whether King Edward's only son will have the historic title of Prince of Wales conferred upon him. The Duke of Cornwall and York shares his birthday with one of his aunts, the Crown Princess of Denmark, a charming and gracious lady who, it is said, will almost certainly be present with her husband at the Coronation.

*The Royal Golf Links at Windsor.*

It is, I understand, under the contemplation of the King to establish, in connection with the new links just made in Windsor Park, a select association, which will probably be known as the "Royal Windsor Golf Club." In this event, the members would be chosen much on the Royal Squadron principle, and a Club-house would be erected. There are difficulties to contend with, however, one being that Windsor Park is open to the public, and the presence of a mob of gaping spectators to watch His Majesty playing the national game of Scotland would be highly objectionable. Also, the formation of a Club on the lines indicated necessitates a vast amount of tact. It may be, therefore, that the King will abandon the idea and restrict playing rights to invitation and Royal permission.

Capt. Scott-Bulst  
(R.A.M.C.).Capt. Hon. R. Ward  
(Royal Horse-Guards).

Lady Milbanke. General French. Capt. Sir J. Milbanke, Bart., V.C. (10th Hussars). Capt. Barry (10th Hussars).

GROUP AT VICTORIA HOTEL, DUNDEE, NATAL, ON APRIL 15, 1901.

Taken shortly after General French's arrival in Dundee from Vryheid, after completing his successful Eastern swoop. It is about eighteen months since General French was last in Natal and fought his first battle at Elandslaagte. Photographed by Captain G. V. Davidson, R.G.A.



*Princess Christian  
and her Work.*

Princess Christian, who was born the day after the anniversary of her mother's birthday in 1846, celebrated her birthday quietly the other day. He'ena Augusta Victoria was so named, it has been said, partly to remind the English people that the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, was a British Princess. Be that as it may, Princess Christian could hardly have had a more appropriate name. No member of the Royal Family has taken a deeper or a more practical personal interest in philanthropic work; and the various agencies for ameliorating the sad condition of the very poor and of elevating the degraded have no warmer friend and helper than Princess Christian. She is the only Royal lady—in England, at all events—who has ever been a district visitor; at one time, Princess Christian had charge of twenty-one houses on the riverside in the parish of Trinity Church, Windsor. The active interest of the Princess in providing for the widowed and orphaned in the land through the War in South Africa has, if that be possible, further endeared her to her brother's subjects. At the Crystal Palace Military Exhibition, close by the huge realistic model in the gallery of Queen Alexandra's (the Princess of Wales's) Hospital Ship, you can see a faithful representation of Princess Christian's Hospital Train, and that interesting exhibit may remind visitors of the extremely serviceable field-hospital Mr. Alfred Mosely took out to South Africa at his own cost, having first secured the heartiest encouragement of Princess Christian, who graciously allowed her name to be associated with it. I hear, by the way, that Mr. Mosely, who is a staunch friend of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, is about to erect in his native town of Bristol a monument to the memory of the West Country men who fell in the War.

*Mrs. T. P.  
O'Connor.*

One of the most popular Irish Members and journalists, by reason of his eloquence and acquaintance with the Blarney-stone, Mr. T. P. O'Connor is a sparkling light alike of the Senate, the platform, and of Fleet Street, where I first knew him many, many long years ago, before he aspired to Parliamentary honours. Politically associated on behalf of the Parnellite Party with the Conservative wire-pullers before Mr. Gladstone was impelled to champion Home Rule for Ireland, "Tay Pay" could, as he would, some political secrets unfold. But that's another story. It is my congenial duty to congratulate him sincerely on the latest exemplification of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's cleverness, and to wish her

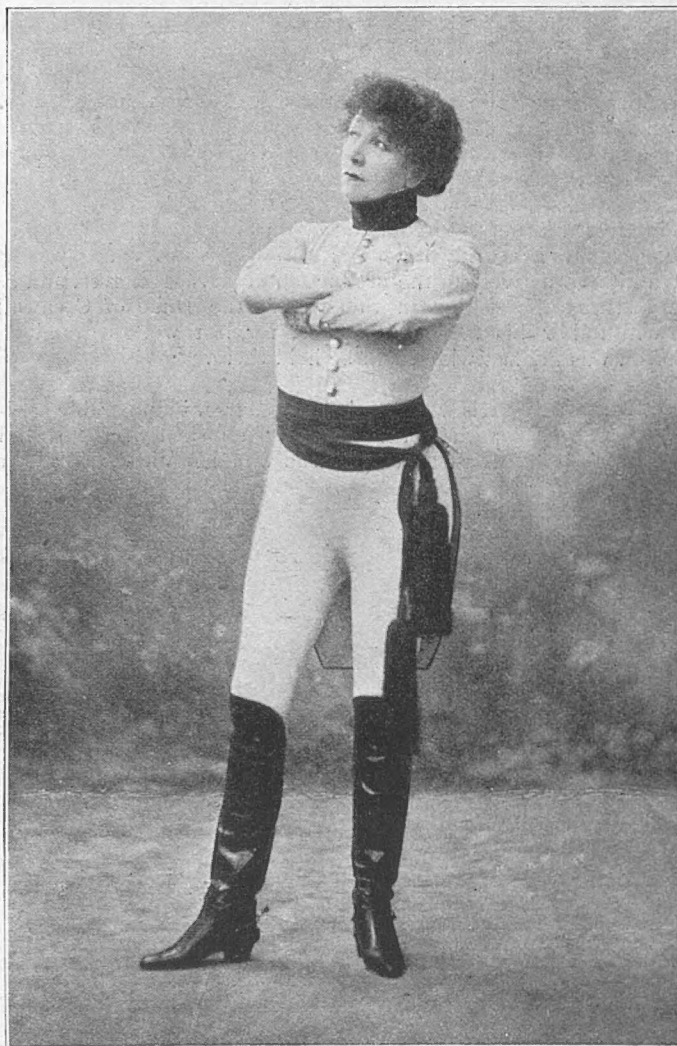


MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR (WIFE OF THE CELEBRATED M.P. AND JOURNALIST),  
WHOSE COMEDY, "A LADY FROM TEXAS," WAS PRODUCED AT PENLEY'S THEATRE  
ON SATURDAY LAST.

new comedy at Penley's Theatre, "The Lady from Texas," noticed in another column, a successful run. The representatives of the leading parts are portrayed on one of my "Musical and Theatrical Gossip" pages.

*The Great Sarah in  
Unmentionables.*

Genius excuses a great deal, especially on the stage. But, with due allowance for the average playgoer's curiosity to see the incomparable Sarah either in sable tights as Hamlet or in kid breeches as Napoleon II. (in which garb of Imperial Gaul the great French actress is portrayed),



SARAH BERNHARDT AS L'AIGLON IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME,  
NOW BEING PERFORMED AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

*Photo by Boyer, Paris.*

I lean to the opinion that the majority of her admirers prefer to see her in "frocks and furbelows," to quote our own "Sybil's" head-line. Hence it is to be hoped Mr. Maurice Grau will not only give us the present opportunity of beholding Madame Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon," but will also enable us to admire her afresh as the heroine of "La Tosca," and in the other famous parts in which she enacts the love-passages particularly with a power and passion unrivalled.

*A Noble Charity.* The Earl of Dartmouth has promised to preside at a Festival Dinner at the Hôtel Cecil on behalf of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, on July 15, and His Excellency the American Ambassador is to be present. Among those who are kindly acting as stewards are the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava and the Hon. Mr. Justice Bruce. Talking of hospitals, the most munificent of recent contributions to the London cause from Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who gave £10,000 to the Light-Cure Fund, which Queen Alexandra started and takes the deepest interest in.

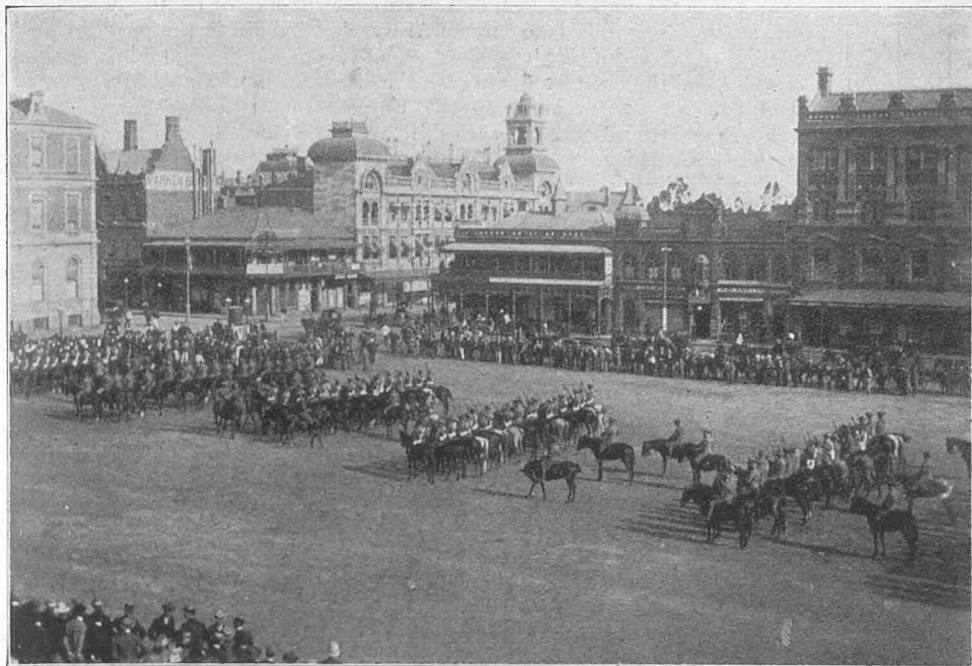
*Mr. Fred T. Jane's Latest.* A novelist of singular freshness and power, Mr. Fred T. Jane is also well known in many countries as the author-artist of "All the World's Fighting Ships," published by Sampson Low and Marston. I hear from Mr. John Macqueen, of 9, Rupert Street, W., that he is issuing a new work by Mr. Jane. The title, "Ever Mohun," certainly piques curiosity.

*Congo Tobacco.* When I was in Belgium, the other day (writes a correspondent), I was given some cigars by an official of the Court. He asked me to guess of what tobacco they were made. I imagined that they were of superior Bornean or Javanese make, but I was wrong. They, or rather, the leaf employed in their manufacture, hailed from the Congo Free State, the plants being grown in Africa from seed imported from Havana. The industry has sprung up only within the last few years, the cigars themselves being made in Belgium. The "weeds" were of fine flavour, full without being rank. I don't know if they have reached this country, but they are decidedly better smoking than nine-tenths of the stuff to which we are reduced pending the rehabilitation of the Cuban crops.



*Sir James  
Sivewright, of  
Tullyallan.*

Sir James Sivewright, K.C.M.G., with whose outward lineaments readers of *The Sketch* are not unfamiliar, the new owner, by purchase from Lord Lansdowne, of the Tullyallan estate, was sent out from this country thirty years ago by the Imperial Government to reorganise the telegraphic system in South Africa. There are few men who have a fuller topographical knowledge of the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal than Sir James, who, twenty-one years ago, married the daughter of a well-known resident in Bloemfontein.



FIRST PARADE OF THE RAND RIFLES (MOUNTED SECTION) IN MARKET SQUARE, JOHANNESBURG.

For a number of years he held the post of General Manager of Telegraphs in South Africa and Natal, and on the amalgamation of the offices of Postmaster-General and Director of Telegraphs Sir James received a pension of five hundred pounds a-year. Sir James was a Minister in the Administration of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, filling the office of Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works. It is believed that he will work the minerals in which the property of Tullyallan is reputed to be rich.

*Colonel of the  
"Forty-Two."*

The survivors of the Crimean Campaign are now very few in number, and the death of Lieutenant-Colonel A. C. Greville in his seventy-fourth year has removed one of the most distinguished. However, the Colonel of the famous "Black Watch" still survives, and only the other day he entered on his eighty-eighth year. General the Hon. Robert Rollo, C.B., joined the 42nd nearly sixty-nine years ago, in 1832, and, though more than a score of years elapsed before he saw actual fighting, he was employed in 1846 on a special mission to Tripoli, receiving the thanks of Government for his services. On the outbreak of the Crimean War, he embarked with his regiment for the East, and in the early part of the campaign was Brigade-Major of the Highland Brigade in the Duke of Cambridge's Division. In the latter portion of the war he commanded his regiment with great distinction, and afterwards occupied for some ten years important Staff appointments in Canada, being at one time Military Secretary to General Sir Fenwick Williams. Appointed Colonel of the 93rd Highlanders ("the Thin Red Line") in 1880, eight years later he was transferred to the Colonelcy of his historic regiment—now of two battalions, the old 73rd (Perthshire) having once again become the "Black Watch"—which distinguished position *The Sketch* hopes he may long live to hold.

*Port Elizabeth  
Soldiers'  
Committee.*

Mrs. Gustav Meyer, whose portrait is given here, inaugurated the movement for offering hospitality to the soldiers when the War first began, and has carried it on ever since, with the aid of financial help from her friends and the citizens of Port Elizabeth. Facilities have also been given the men for cabling, telegraphing, posting letters, and remitting money to their relations, Mrs. Kemsley, in charge of this department, forwarding nearly £2000 in one week alone, as, owing to the existence of plague at Cape Town, the recent reinforcements were chiefly landed at Port Elizabeth instead, seven thousand passing through in a month.

*Wales at  
Grosvenor House.*

To-morrow (June 6) gallant little Wales will be very much to the fore at Grosvenor House, for the Duke and Duchess of Westminster have lent their town-house to the Committee of ladies who have taken up with such zeal the cause of Welsh Industries. The new mistress of Grosvenor House may well count herself half a Welshwoman, Ruthin Castle being one of the most beautiful mansions in the Principality. The work turned out by Welsh village-folk compares very favourably with that which hails from the Emerald Isle, and among those ladies who have

thrown themselves with great energy into the work of helping the poorer Welsh to help themselves are such well-known people as Lady Wimborne, Lady Llangattock, Mrs. Brynmor-Jones, the wife of the popular Welsh Member of Parliament, and Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin.

*An Interesting  
Engagement.*

Miss Vere Annesley, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Valentia, is engaged to the Rev. Guy Campbell. Lord Valentia, who is a very energetic individual, and who was one of the first M.P.'s to volunteer for "the Front," is the proud father of eight children, and his eldest son and heir, Mr. Arthur Annesley, will come of age this August; the bride-elect is a year older. The wedding will probably take place from Bletchington Park in the early autumn.

*Bicycles and Toys.* One day last week (writes "Materfamilias"), I went forth to buy some indiarubber toys for my last-born.

Imagine my disappointment when I found that these playthings were as scarce as rhubarb in France. I went to half-a-dozen shops before I could get even two or three indifferent dolls and animals, not by any means equal to those which I was able to find when my last but one saw the light of day. A very polite manager at one of the emporiums I visited explained the reason. He said, "The fact is that there is such a demand for indiarubber in the cycling trade that the manufacture of toys in caoutchouc has fallen almost into disuse." This is hard on the babies. I suppose they will next have to do without "dummies."

*A Great Pianist.*

M. Leopold Godowsky, who made his first appearance in London at St. James's Hall on Friday last, will, I think, be accepted as one of the greatest pianists ever heard in this country. He has for years been a great favourite in America, and recently, in Germany, the impression he made was extraordinary. His greatest feats are achieved in the "romantic school," but M. Godowsky plays music of every kind with facility, brilliancy, expression, and power.

Mrs. Froude. Mrs. Fox Smith. Mrs. Meyer. Mrs. Reiners.



Mrs. Vincent, wife of Capt. Vincent,  
Railway Staff Officer.

Mrs. Halkett, wife of Capt. Halkett,  
Station Staff Officer.

Hon. Mrs. Wilkinson, wife of Lt.-Col.  
Wilkinson, 4th Sherwood Foresters.

MEMBERS OF THE SOLDIERS' RECEPTION COMMITTEE AT PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA.



*Uganda Booming.* The early return of His Excellency Sir Harry Johnston, Special Commissioner for Uganda, who is to call at Cairo on his way home to see Lord Cromer, and the return of that level-headed clergyman, Bishop Tucker, have awakened fresh interest in Uganda. The local revenue of last year was double the amount estimated. Sir Harry paints well, has an eye for fresh natural



BOER PRISONERS' TOYS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: MODEL OF CRONJE'S FARM BEFORE THE WAR.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace.

history specimens, such as a new giraffe with five horns, just discovered, and he writes admirable despatches for the Foreign Office. The latest carries a sting in its tail, directed against those who plant themselves as uninvited guests on officials or native chiefs in Uganda. It is reported that the disappearance of the last Residency sponge, which was coincident with the disappearance of a traveller who had made heavy demands on his hospitality, had something to do with the tone of part of this report. The Royal Gardens, Kew, the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, and the British Museum at Bloomsbury, have all been enriched with fresh sets of specimens from Uganda. Bishop Tucker is rejoicing in the fact that, on his way home from Uganda to Mombasa, he did the journey in ten days, by help of the railway; when he first went out, ten years ago, the same journey occupied five months. When he left, the rail-head terminus was within eighty miles of Lake Victoria, and the lake-shore will be reached next September.

Meanwhile, two capable officials return to Uganda this month—Mr. R. J. Stordy, chief of the Veterinary Department, and Lieutenant Pelham Johnson, of the Transport Department. Mr. Stordy's report on his work in the British East Africa and Uganda Protectorates, issued by the Foreign Office, attracted widespread attention because of the very practical suggestions it contained, commented on by the *Times* downwards, regarding the domestication of the zebra. Mr. Stordy is a keen sportsman of iron nerve, and amongst his trophies are two lions, an elephant, ten rhinoceroses, a wart-hog—the ugliest head in his collection—many elands and leopards. Amongst his curios are a Waganda war-drum, a fine sheaf of native spears—that of a Masai warrior has the longest blade of any ever brought out of the country, being forty-three inches. The sheer weight of the handle, which is solid iron, would send it through any fleshy obstruction. Mr. Stordy takes a wife back with him, and they go with the good wishes of all who know them.

*The New Slade Professor.* Sir William Martin Conway, the new Slade Professor of Fine Art in Cambridge University, is in his forty-fifth year. His knighthood, received for his services to literature in connection with the Incorporated Society of Authors, of which he is Chairman, dates from 1895. Known chiefly as a famous mountaineer, Sir William Conway is accomplished in the arts of engraving and photography, and is a speaker and writer of distinction. For the second time he is assuming the rôle of a Professor of Art, for he was Art Professor at Liverpool University before he took to climbing and exploration. Sir William, who contested Bath as a Radical candidate in 1895, has averred that wooing a constituency was

a more difficult task than exploring the glaciers of Tierra del Fuego. The Red House, his home in Kensington, contains much to delight the heart of artist or traveller, with whom, though not very fond of society, he delights to spend an evening smoking and conversing on congenial subjects.

*Mr. Leslie Stuart.* The composer of a song of which considerably over a quarter of a million copies have already been sold, and of the sparkling comic operas, "Florodora" and "The Silver Slipper," may justly be regarded as a successful musician. Mr. Leslie Stuart is the composer referred to, and his song, which may be called the second National Anthem, is the popular "Soldiers of the Queen." Mr. Leslie Stuart has done for the Army what Dibdin in the past did for the Navy. A bright, catching melody, equally acceptable to the amateur and the cultivated musician, has carried the name of Mr. Stuart to all parts of the world where the English tongue is spoken. Nor is this composer deficient in the skill required for other departments of music. He displayed great ability in the musical comedy "Florodora," which had such a long run at the Lyric Theatre, and he has since composed the melodious music of "The Silver Slipper." Besides these, he has written coon-songs, pretty ballads, and other

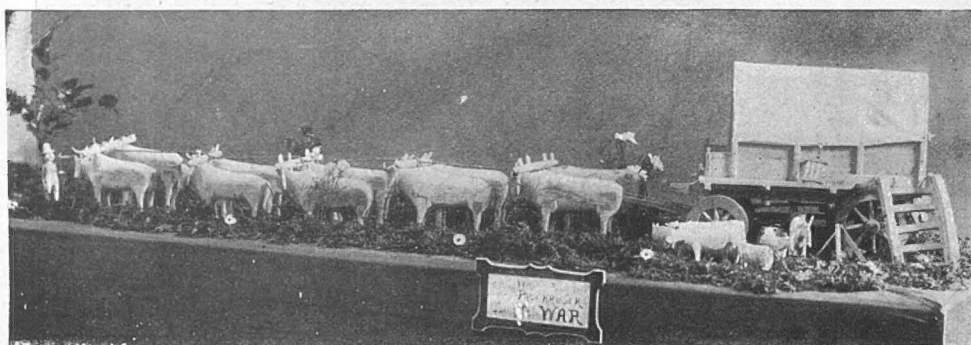


MR. LESLIE STUART, COMPOSER OF "THE SILVER SLIPPER," THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

compositions, all revealing a gift of melody of the most spontaneous kind. A modest, unassuming gentleman, always willing to accept a suggestion from an author or manager, Mr. Leslie Stuart is personally as popular as his music, and thoroughly deserves his fresh triumph in "The Silver Slipper."

The new park opened on May 27 at Sydenham by Mr. A. M. Torrance, the active Chairman of the London County Council (writes a correspondent), will commemorate in its name the one-time famous Sydenham medicinal springs mentioned by Evelyn in his Diaries. Though now disfigured by bricks-and-mortar, the neighbourhood still shows some traces of its former rural loveliness, and in Wells Lane a few of the old houses of the once little village survive. Among these is the cottage where of old the waters were served out to the people who flocked to "the Wells," and which, so local tradition says, George III. more than once honoured with his presence. It is, I believe, still used as a dwelling-house, but is enclosed in private grounds. When in the neighbourhood recently, I asked a young lady to direct me to this famous landmark. This she most willingly did, but her historical knowledge was apparently not quite equal to her acquaintance with the topography of "the Wells," for she obligingly added: "That is—er—the cottage to which Dick Whittington came to drink the waters." This was "precious" information.



ON VIEW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: TOYS MADE BY BOER PRISONERS AT ST. HELENA.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace.



*The King's Toy Bull.*

Peter, the toy bull of His Majesty the King, has had his portrait painted by Miss Maud Earl, a copy from which I reproduce with the artist's consent. Peter is a great favourite of His Majesty, and often accompanies him in his walks and drives. He is the finest-bred toy bull in the world, and holds the Championship for Great Britain. When



KING EDWARD'S TOY BULLDOG, "PETER."

Photo from the Painting by Miss Maud Earl.

sitting for his portrait, he displayed an unusual degree of independence and a certain disdain for the ordinary run of humanity, being very fastidious as to who handled him. He took particular interest, however, in his portrait as it was nearing completion, and showed a strong desire to go for it, tooth and nail. Miss Earl paints most of the fine dogs of the day, and her studio is an interesting gallery of these studies.

*Whitsuntide in Germany.*

Both Whit-Sunday and Whit-Monday (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) were beautifully fine and warm in Berlin, and the happy Berliners took advantage of the occasion to throng in their thousands to Potsdam, where the lovely Havel was covered with heavily burdened boats, and the numerous restaurants overflowing with thirsty guests; or to Wannsee, where the steamers and yachts and boats plied busily backward and forward without ceasing; or to the lovely pine-woods in the Grunewald, where the sounds of joyous laughter and singing were heard from early to late. It may be taken as fairly correct that a restaurateur on a large scale buys in his beer at £1 and sells it at £6, making, therefore, an incredible amount of profit. When one considers what thousands of thirsty Berliners flocked without ceasing into all the open restaurant-gardens and stayed till perhaps eleven at night, some idea may be gained of the fortunes raked in by enterprising sellers of beer, especially as the average German drinks not one, but half-a-dozen and more large glasses at a sitting. As to the dresses and manner of dressing generally on such occasions, the only adjectives that can be truthfully used are "weird," "wondrous," and "fantastic."

*The Berlin Fire Brigade Exhibition.*

The German Empress opened, in company with Prince Frederick Leopold, in the absence of the Kaiser, the Exhibition for fire-brigade appliances and devices. Nothing very startling is to be recorded about the Exhibition. The opening itself was most amusing. Unlike such ceremonies as generally managed in Germany, there was a lamentable lack of law and order at the opening ceremony. Those who had obtained access to the confines of the Exhibition a whole hour before the show was to be opened succeeded in gaining a place; those possessed of the wondrous large cards of admission issued by the authorities shook the same in vain in the air and strove frantically to enter in, but fruitlessly. This to the looker-on was most delightful. Angry, red-faced, struggling, heated civic dignitaries, furious at being unable, despite their cards, to gain admittance, used language of the most unparliamentary, and did not stop at viciously digging their elbows into their equally stout and furious neighbours in their vain endeavours to gain their assigned places. Standing conspicuously next the Empress was the Mayor of Windsor in his red robes; he was about the most-noticed person in the whole proceedings. The Kaiserin, after the end of the speechifying, moved round and inspected the various articles exhibited, and appeared to admire the Viennese department more than any other. After the opening, there was to have been a great display of life-saving and other apparatus; the rain, however, swept down in such overwhelming torrents that all this was impossible, and the crowd had to drip discontentedly home, angry with the Exhibition, angry with the weather, and angry with themselves for having come.

*A Mad Japanese Professor.*

No little consternation was caused last week (adds *The Sketch* Berlin Correspondent) by a Japanese Professor of Botany suddenly going mad in his lodgings in Berlin and attempting to set fire to the house in which he lived. He spilled petroleum over the furniture, set it alight, locked the

door, and then sat at the window and laughed fiendishly at all comers. The next day, when visited by two of his countrymen at the Maison de Santé, he boxed their ears soundly for their pains, and proved conclusively that he was really quite bereft of his senses. One of the neighbours, who had broken into his dwelling and pluckily extinguished the fire, was considerably hurt by an axe with which the mad Jap had attacked him.

*The Bishop of Ripon.*

Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, who has just had the singular honour of paying a brief visit, at her solicitation, to the Empress Frederick at Cronberg, celebrated the jubilee of his birth the other day. Dr. Boyd Carpenter, who is one of Mr. Gladstone's appointments, and is, as was the great Liberal chief, a Liverpudlian by birth, has the reputation of being one of the most eloquent and popular of the occupants of the Episcopal bench. The Bishop, whose diocese comprehends a large tract of country, and includes Leeds, with its fifty parishes, is said to travel, in connection with his oversight work, over ten thousand miles a-year. The Saxon Chapel underneath the crypt at Ripon Palace is supposed to be the oldest place of worship in the kingdom. It dates from the seventh century, and is of interest to all the Bishop's visitors, to whom Dr. Carpenter never wearies in showing his autograph volumes of nearly all Archbishops and Bishops of England for close upon three hundred years.

*Lord Congleton's Retirement.*

Lord Congleton (Henry Parnell, C.B.), who is on the eve of retiring from the Army, for the last six years has commanded the Infantry Brigade at Malta. He would have come home in October last but for the difficulty of finding a successor with so many of our best-known Generals in South Africa. Born in 1839, Lord Congleton entered the Service in 1855, and went out with the "Buffs" to the Crimea, the declaration of peace on its reaching Russian soil hindering the regiment from getting an opportunity of distinguishing itself. In the Zulu War, Lord Congleton commanded a battalion, and won the commendation of Lord Chelmsford for his work. He succeeded the third Baron Congleton in 1896.

*Miss Ada Reeve.*

Many writing about Miss Ada Reeve have opined that she came straight from the music-halls to the theatres. This is not so. Miss Reeve, before being in the "halls"—first as one of the "Sisters Reeve," and afterwards as a "single turn"—was a child-actress from very tender years at the Pavilion Theatre, Mile End, a theatre since known as "the Drury Lane of the East." Here little Ada Reeve, after playing such parts as little Willie Carlyle in "East Lynne," and the dying Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," rose to dancing and singing pantomime and "chambermaid" or soubrette



MISS ADA REEVE (WHO IS TO PLAY IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT DALY'S) AND HER SISTER.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

parts. It was at this house, and under the experienced Mr. Isaac Cohen's tuition, that Miss Reeve learnt that distinctness of enunciation which has proved so valuable to her in her very piquantly rendered acting-songs. Miss Ada Reeve (who stars at Daly's in the new musical play next autumn) is portrayed with a married sister.



### In a Covent Garden Dressing-Room.

The six new dressing-rooms at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, devoted to the fair sex are comfortable and elegant. During the afternoon the wardrobe staff sees that all that is required for the evening performance is at hand, and that the costumes and accessories are laid out according to the particular fancy of the singer. Madame Gadski's two costumes for the rôle of Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser" are shown in the photograph. The dresses are of white, diaphanous tissue, and the cloak is of pale-blue moiré blazoned with the lion rampant and lined with maize-coloured silk. The dressing-table, with its usual arrangement of lamps for the "make-up" of the face, stands on one side of the double-windows, and a handsome cheval-glass on the other side. The Royal Opera Syndicate merits warm praise for this consideration of the comfort of their artistes, who should also be protected from the perilous stage-draughts that sweep across the footlights.

### A Royal Opera Rehearsal.

The close of the rehearsal of "Siegfried" found on the Royal Opera stage the little group also photographed by Miss Schlesinger, including Herr Mohwinkel (Wotan), who was wounded during a recent performance of "Lohengrin"; Herr Blass (Fafner); Herr Lohse, Conductor, with score and bâton; Herr Knoté (Siegfried); Frau Fränkel Claus (Brünnhilde); and Herr Fränkel, her husband, an eminent German baritone. They were in a merry mood, despite the fact that lunch-time had been left far behind in the zeal of rehearsing. Herr Reiss, who is

Herr Fränkel. Herr Knoté. Herr Blass.



Frau Fränkel Claus. Herr Lohse. Herr Mohwinkel.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT COVENT GARDEN: AT THE CLOSE OF THE REHEARSAL OF "SIEGFRIED."

Photo by K. Schlesinger.

killed early in the second Act, was unavoidably absent. Erda (Mdlle. Olitzka) was forced to hurry away. Alberich (Mr. David Bispham) could hardly be expected to remain to witness the triumph of his arch-enemy, Siegfried.

**Ariels of the Wheel.** The Westminster Aquarium has such a beautiful and attractive brand-new theatre adjoining it in Mrs. Langtry's supremely elegant Imperial that it should be stimulated to go in for, at least, a "Spring Cleaning" and a general brightening-up. Its entertainments are ever so varied that the vast building in which they take place is surely worth renovating. Among the June allurements, presumably for M.P.'s whose Whitsuntide vacation was not deemed sufficiently long, are the exciting ladies' cycle-races for the championship during the afternoons and evenings of the present week.

### What our Coals Cost.

Since the Hartley Colliery Calamity, what hosts of lives have been lost in the perilous drudgery of digging out coal from the bowels of the earth! Now, public compassion has been evoked afresh for our brave miners by the sad catastrophe at the Universal Colliery, Senghenydd, near Caerphilly, South Wales. Lords and Commons may well echo the humane and sympathetic words of "Mabon" (Mr. Abrahams, M.P.), and may even be stimulated to give legislative expression to them. The myriad mourners by the pit's-mouth here photographed have good cause for praying Parliament to legislate forthwith to ensure the safeguarding of our

collieries. We all know the King, who was prompt to convey a message of condolence to the sufferers from that terrible explosion, would warmly approve the introduction of such a Bill. Its passing would



BEHIND THE SCENES AT COVENT GARDEN: FRAU GADSKI'S DRESSING-ROOM.

Photo by K. Schlesinger.

shed some lustre upon a Session barren hitherto of everything save fresh War-taxation.

**Dr. Caulet's Rôle.** Everybody will have his word (writes *The Sketch's* Paris Correspondent) regarding the misadventure at Belgrade, but not everybody knows the rôle played therein by the ineffable Dr. Caulet. This individual is, or was, consulting doctor of an obscure French watering-place, when, by hazard, a lady became his patient who afterwards became a Queen. No doubt, he said to himself that Fortune rings at each man's door but once in his life, and so when, five weeks after her marriage, the Queen sent for him, he took this precious Fortune by the forelock, and asked of it that he might be allowed to usher into the world an heir to the Servian Throne. Did his desire blind his judgment? He sustains now that he was not certain of his fact, but it is difficult to believe that he did not deceive himself after reading his subsequent letters to the Queen. With no data but his first visit, for he was not consulted afterwards, he addressed her letter after letter, giving details as to what should be done at this date, at that date, and the other, and so, after suggesting the comedy, he kept it alive.

### As a Scribe.

Here is a specimen passage from one of these letters, dated March 1, seven months after his visit to Belgrade, and it leaves no doubt on the subject: "MADAME,—I had the honour to write to your Majesty the 25th of last February. Having had no reply, I presume that my letter did not reach you. . . it is on the subject of *your approaching accouchement*. I said that, having promised to give you my assistance at the critical moment, I was ready to keep my engagement, and I explained that it would be absolutely necessary, from the point of view of *the mother as well as of the child*, that I should see you some time beforehand"; and he goes on to remind her that the event, "according to the symptoms, will take place in the second half of April."



THE SENGHENYDD COLLIERY, SCENE OF THE LAMENTABLE DISASTER.

Photo by J. R. Clarke, Senghenydd.



**Prince of Vitenval.** Prince Laforge de Vitenval has been for three or four years the particular Parisian—one may almost say, a Continental—"lion." The noble Faubourg has been at his feet; the Diplomats and the officials of the Army and Navy have hobnobbed with him, and the high clergy had covered him with their protection. He had instituted an Order of Chivalry, and, when the valet announced, "His Excellence the Prince of Vitenval, Grand Master of the Order of St. Léon," everybody inclined. Why not? He counts in his Order such men as General Barail and Count Pecci, the nephew of the Pope. It is true, he had no Principality yet, but he was going to have one, which in these days of Princelets out of office is not a fact to disdain. The consternation, then, was great when the Police Court charged the Prince of Vitenval with sailing under false titles and the newspapers began to rail at the idol. A seven days' sensation now possesses the noble Faubourg, where the prelates and functionaries have patronised him and the Dowager-Duchesses have given him their smiles. Is he a new Cagliostro, they ask, or a much-abused man?

**A Noble Roman.** The fact is, he is not a sham, but a *bond-fide* Prince, though he was born plain Louis Laforge, son of a manufacturer of Honfleur. He holds his titles, like many other Continental nobility, from the Roman Church. Nobody knows what mysterious service he rendered to Bishop Clari, the Apostolic Nuncio at Paris; but it is said that, a month after he arrived at Paris, Léon Laforge, only twenty-four years old, one day left the cabinet of the Pope's representative authentically Prince of Vitenval and Grand Cross of Gregory, with the rank of Cardinal in the Roman hierarchy. The



RETURN OF THE GALLANT MANCHESTER VOLUNTEERS FROM  
"THE FRONT."

Procession en route for Town Hall, where the men were entertained by the Lord Mayor, who will be observed in a carriage in the foreground. Photo by Walker, Manchester.

Dowager-Duchesses, then, who are devout Romanists, were not deceived when they threw their granddaughters at his head.

**A Question of Patents.** But the Prince neglected to pay the Church the twenty-three thousand francs due for patents; and the Nuncio Clari having been replaced by the Nuncio Lorenzelli, this last set the police at the heels of the Prince. It remains now to be seen what the Church will do. If it sustains Bishop Lorenzelli, it throws upon Bishop Clari the suspicion of a scandal, and the Prince will be disgraced; but if it upholds Bishop Clari, we shall yet see the Prince installed in a Principality, with a Dowager-Duchess for a mother-in-law. They say his Order is at this moment negotiating for him with Spain for the purchase of the Medus Islands.

**Round-the-World Race.** I went to the Gare du Nord (adds my Paris Correspondent) to see Gaston Steigler start on his race round the world. That he will beat Phineas Fogg goes without saying, and Jules Verne wired him that the famous globe-trotter of his imagination would not be jealous. Steigler did not strike me as a man to establish a record difficult to beat. He is sturdily built, with a slight beard, but he left the impression of the average tourist, and not of a man that could forecast twenty-four hours ahead all that could possibly happen and had mentally arranged his programme. Verne has suggested the possibility of thirty-three days, but, in reply to a question, Steigler told me that he thought he could do it in thirty. He has no revolver, no walking-stick, and all his luggage could be put in a hat-box.

**Romance of the Prince Imperial.** I have reason for stating that the book of M. Quentin Beauchart on the romance of the life of the Prince Imperial will be largely made up of the articles of Mr. Felix Whitehurst, Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* under the Empire. Mr. Whitehurst was the personal friend of Napoleon III. M. Beauchart will touch lightly on the pretty love idyls of "Napoleon IV." The Prince was the soul of honour, but it is

an open secret that he was hopelessly in love with an English girl engaged at a skating-rink, and, when he found that her husband was dying of consumption, he loyally did everything to help her. His mother encouraged him to join the British forces in Zululand, and it is idle to insist on a contemplated marriage with a daughter of the late Queen that might have changed the history of the world.

There is a gloom in Paris over the breakdown of the great Battle of Flowers in the Bois. The mania for automobiles has absolutely crushed out the aforetime decorated broughams, and the contempt with which the gay Parisienne, in a resplendently flowered automobile, regards the rider in a horse-drawn vehicle is chilling. The fashionable crowd willingly paid a thousand francs for an automobile, decorated, while the *cocher* could not secure a client. I was at Chantilly for the Prix de Diane, and never did I see such heavy betting among the ladies. Official returns give three million francs as having been risked at the Pari-Mutuel.



MISS PHYLLIS BLAIR  
AS MADAME DE ST. RENAUT IN "LION  
HUNTERS," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.  
Photo by Vandyk, Queen's Gate, S.W.

M. Fournier, a young Frenchman under thirty years of age, won the open Paris-Bordeaux race on May 29, doing the 348 miles on a Mors automobile in eight hours and three-quarters, including stoppages, and beating Charron's previous record by about three hours. Charron, it should be stated, collided with Levégh at Châteaudun, and did not travel beyond Vendôme.

**Sunny Sydney.** Sydney, which prides itself on being the most beautiful of Australian cities, gave a grand reception to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, and, of the many picturesque sights seen by their Royal Highnesses during their Colonial tour, that of the Review held in the Centennial Park is likely to remain as the most splendid pageant.

**Herr Kubelik.** The extraordinary young violinist portrayed, Herr Kubelik, comes from Bohemia. Although he has conquered every difficulty of the violin and plays the most complicated solos of Paganini with a facility unequalled by any living performer, he is barely twenty years of age, and looks even younger. The great charm of his playing is the perfect ease with which he executes the most astounding passages. By means of "harmonics," he produces fairy-like effects, and one might almost fancy they were the notes of birds rather than the tones of an instrument. Herr Kubelik also excels in purity of intonation, and plays classical music with great expression. But in such fantastic pieces as Paganini's "Witches' Dance" he simply revels, many of the passages being absolutely magical in their novelty, combining, as they do, the sweetest and the most grotesque tones. Herr Kubelik has revived the Paganini School, which, since the days of that famous Italian, had gone out of favour. Herr Kubelik has been a violinist from his childhood. Almost as soon as he could walk, a violin was his chief toy and music his greatest pleasure.



HERR KUBELIK.  
THE CELEBRATED YOUNG VIOLINIST WHO HAS BECOME THE  
RAGE OF MUSICAL LONDON.  
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



# THE SOCIAL JESTER



## AT EPSOM—WITH A STILT ARTISTE.

SCENE: On and around LORD B.'s coach. Discovered on roof of coach: LORD B., LADY B. (his wife), the HON. GWEN (his daughter), Miss PRISCILLA (his sister-in-law), the REV. TWEEDS (a sporting parson), LADY MURIEL A. (in love with the HON. WILLIE), a few other guests, servants, &c. Approaching the coach is a white-faced, red-nosed STILT ARTISTE.

STILT ARTISTE (deftly catching pennies in his hat). That's the way, sir! Thank you, Madam! I'm responsible for all you throw!

LADY MURIEL (giddily). Oh, Willie, here's one of those dear stilt-men! How too sweet! Give me all the pennies you've got, at once!

THE HON. WILLIE (hastily diving into his pocket for pennies and, at the same time, dropping his monocle). Quite! (He hands over some coins.)

LADY MURIEL (receiving the coins in both hands). Oh, what a dreadful lot of money! I don't think it's fair that boys should have so much more money than girls, do you, Mr. Tweeds?

HIS REVERENCE (lowering his field-glasses and looking roguishly at LADY MURIEL). Oh, well! give the poor beggars a chance, Lady Muriel. The girls get most of it at the finish. (Laughs uproariously.)

LADY MURIEL. It's not much good at the finish. You can't back anything then. I want it before the start.

THE HON. WILLIE (having readjusted his monocle). Quite!

MISS PRISCILLA (who has come to the Derby solely to obtain matter for a lecture on the "Moral and Physical Deterioration of the Moneyed Classes"). Would you mind explaining yourself to me, Lady Muriel? I'm so unversed in the ways of vice.

LADY MURIEL (sweetly). Oh, you're really a sweet old thing! What may I explain to you?

MISS PRISCILLA (struggling with a fleshly instinct to hit LADY MURIEL with the business end of a champagne-bottle). Well, for example, what do you mean by "backing" anything?

LADY MURIEL. Oh! that just means that, if you fancy anything, you back it, you know—put your money on it.

MISS PRISCILLA (thoughtfully). Ah, now I understand! Or somebody else's money would do, I suppose?

[THE REV. TWEEDS breaks out into a loud guffaw.

HIS REVERENCE (acting a lie). Ha, ha! Isn't he awfully good—that stilt Johnnie?

THE HON. WILLIE (adjusting his monocle, and much relieved to find that he has not got to fight anybody). Quite!

STILT ARTISTE (ranging alongside the coach and eyeing the party with offensive familiarity). Thank you, sir! Thank you, Madam! I'm responsible for all the gold, silver, bank-notes, coppers, or diamonds that you throw!

LADY MURIEL. I don't think I shall give him anything, after all, Willie. His nose is too red.

STILT ARTISTE (taking in the situation at a glance). There's no need to be frightened, Missie! I'm responsible for the catching, and you're responsible for Master Willie!

[The people round the coach laugh and a crowd begins to collect. HIS REVERENCE (chucking the man sixpence). Here you are! Don't let us keep you any longer!

STILT ARTISTE (catching the sixpence with a turn of the wrist). Don't mention it, sir! I've left my head clerk in charge of the office. I can stop over the week-end without any difficulty. Can I put something on Volodyovski for you?

[The crowd laugh delightedly. HIS REVERENCE (to LADY MURIEL in a desperate whisper). Throw him something, for Heaven's sake! He won't go away till you do.

LADY MURIEL (returning the whisper coquettishly). But I daren't!

STILT ARTISTE (peeping round the edge of his hat). Ah, naughty, naughty! I see you!

[LADY MURIEL and the REV. TWEEDS blush furiously. The crowd scream with delight.

THE HON. GWEN (indignantly). Send him away, Willie! I never heard such impertinence!

THE HON. WILLIE (endeavouring, agitatedly, to drive his monocle through the bridge of his nose). Quite!

STILT ARTISTE. Don't break the window, Willie!

[The crowd shriek with merriment. LORD B. (waking up suddenly, and seeing the STILT ARTISTE hovering about in front of him). Bless my soul! What's that?

STILT ARTISTE (passing one stilt over the coach, with the result that all the occupants duck hurriedly). How do, my Lord? I'm responsible for all you throw!

LORD B. (seizing an empty champagne-bottle by the neck). Are you, by Gad? Then take—

LADY MURIEL (laying a restraining hand on his arm). Be calm! For my sake, be calm!

STILT ARTISTE. Be calm! That's what my old woman says to me when the temperance lecturer calls. (He takes off one stilt and proceeds to dance on the other.)

MISS PRISCILLA. Now, I call that really clever! After all, the poor man's only trying to earn an honest living.

LORD B. (irascibly). Honest living? Humbug! He ought to be flogged!

MISS PRISCILLA. How intolerant you are! And yet you couldn't dance on one stilt yourself, or even on two.

LORD B. (bristling). I should think not, indeed!

LADY MURIEL. Willie could; couldn't you, Willie?

THE HON. WILLIE. Er—er—quite!

LORD B. (chafing). I shall begin to think this Socialistic nonsense has turned your head, Priscilla!

MISS PRISCILLA. My dear Harry, simply because he belongs to the poorer classes—

LORD B. (furiously). Humbug, I tell you! It's all your confounded lectures and things that—Hullo! The fellow's falling!

[The STILT ARTISTE does a trick fall. The ladies scream, put their hands over their eyes, and peep through their fingers. The ARTISTE alights on the ground unhurt.

HIS REVERENCE. That's deuced smart!

STILT ARTISTE (bowing). I am still the only person responsible, sir!

[LORD B. throws him half-a-crown. The man bows again, disappears, and the crowd disperses.

LADY MURIEL (her face still hidden in her gloves). Is he dead? Tell me gently if he's dead!

THE HON. WILLIE (absent-mindedly). Quite!



"ARE YOU, BY GAD?"



QUITE!



"AH, NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY! I SEE YOU!"

"Chico"

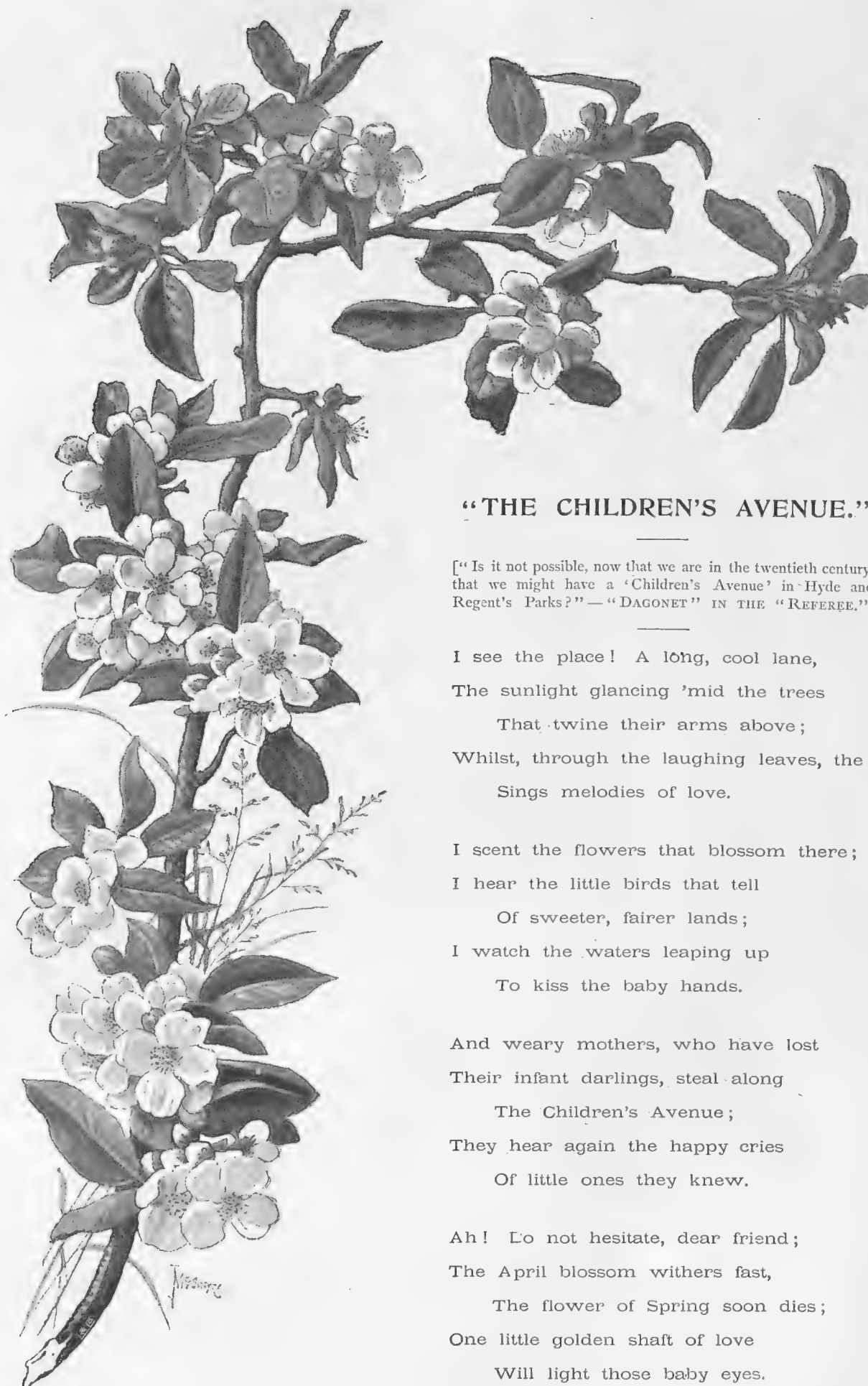




STATUE OF HENRY IRVING, BY MR. E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.,  
IN THE GUILDHALL ART GALLERY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.





### "THE CHILDREN'S AVENUE."

["Is it not possible, now that we are in the twentieth century, that we might have a 'Children's Avenue' in Hyde and Regent's Parks?" — "DAGONET" IN THE "REFEREE."]

I see the place! A long, cool lane,  
The sunlight glancing 'mid the trees  
That twine their arms above;  
Whilst, through the laughing leaves, the wind  
Sings melodies of love.

I scent the flowers that blossom there;  
I hear the little birds that tell  
Of sweeter, fairer lands;  
I watch the waters leaping up  
To kiss the baby hands.

And weary mothers, who have lost  
Their infant darlings, steal along  
The Children's Avenue;  
They hear again the happy cries  
Of little ones they knew.

Ah! Do not hesitate, dear friend;  
The April blossom withers fast,  
The flower of Spring soon dies;  
One little golden shaft of love  
Will light those baby eyes.

KEBLE HOWARD.





MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, WHO IS PLAYING THE COMTESSE DE POLIGNAC  
AND UNDERSTUDYING MRS. LANGTRY IN "A ROYAL NECKLACE," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THERE is every sign that the summer fiction season will soon set in with more than its usual severity. Publishers have discovered that there is a good demand for readable novels in the dead months, and they are doing their best to supply it. Sixpenny novels are also in great request at the seaside. Hitherto there has been a reluctant acquiescence in the stagnation of July, August, and September, but it will be good both for publishers and for authors if this can be effectually broken. Mr. Hall Caine's new novel will doubtless be the book of the autumn, and more than ever the book of the autumn if the stories current about the impending litigation turn out to be true.

Mr. James Grattan Grey, who has just published an important book on "Australasia Old and New" (Hodder and Stoughton), has had nearly forty years of experience as a Colonial journalist. He has now taken up his residence in London. Mr. Grey speaks favourably of the Australasian Press, especially of the *Melbourne Age*, which "to-day stands far away at the head of any other journal in the whole of the Colonies in social and political importance and circulation." The *Age* owes its great success to Mr. Daniel Syme, who took up the paper when it was at a low ebb, and fought for years a hard uphill fight against the *Argus*, which was run mainly in the interest of the Wool Kings. Eventually the *Age* got ahead, and can make and unmake Governments in the Colony of Victoria. The circulation is over a hundred thousand copies a-day, and each day's issue is half-filled with close-set advertisements. The value of the paper is at least a million pounds. A few months ago, an important daily paper was sold in London for little more than sixty thousand pounds. Mr. Syme is particularly liberal to the members of his staff, though he exacts good work from them. The *Melbourne Argus*, which is edited by Mr. Willoughby, is also successful.

In Sydney there is the famous *Bulletin*, which is more far-reaching in its circulation throughout the whole of the Colonies than any other journal published on that side of the Globe. Its proprietor, Mr. Archibald, has made large profits. Owing to its strenuous opposition to the South African War, it lost ground, but it is said that it is now recovering. The great strength of the newspapers in Australasia is the advertisements. The Colonial public rush to the advertisement columns of their local prints more freely than they do in Great Britain. They have a keener appreciation of the value of advertising, and very few newspapers in the Colonies succumb for lack of support.

Mr. Lang in an American paper reviews the conversation between Mr. Hardy and Mr. Archer which appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. "A ghost story that would convince me would make me a happier man," says Mr. Hardy. Mr. Lang says he could supply Mr. Hardy with facts which convince him that our faculties are not merely what a vain people supposes. He is anxious that Mr. Hardy should be a happier man, and write happier novels.

But he would not believe my facts, and would go on believing that we believe that "not to have been born is best." Perhaps I have been unusually fortunate, for, when I try to philosophise, "cheerfulness will keep breaking in," as Dr. Johnson's friend said. This may be "robustious swaggering optimism" in Mr. Hardy's opinion. I cannot help it. Any experience that I have been through (and everybody has had unpleasant quarters-of-an-hour) is better than no experience at all. This is a matter of taste. Mr. Moddle, the stricken Augustus, thought otherwise, in Dickens. Mr. Hardy takes quite a healthy interest, presently, in his critics. Would he not rather have some unfavourable reviews than never be reviewed at all? I am sure he would dislike that extremely. And so it is with life; at least, in the middle classes. I don't remember who said that, in Sophocles, about "not to be born is best." But Sophocles himself had a long and delightful innings of life. Now, why should a credible ghost-story make Mr. Hardy happier?

Mr. Kipling's unfortunate lawsuit against Messrs. Putnam has been decided against the English author. It had been dragging on for nearly two years. It seemed obvious from the first that Mr. Kipling had no real grievance, and Messrs. Putnam did everything in their power to make honourable terms. Mr. Kipling's lawyer, however, took the view that no satisfaction would be considered short of a substantial payment for damages. This would have been an admission of wrong-doing on Messrs. Putnam's part, and, of course, they could not yield that. They say, however, that they were from the beginning confident that Mr. Kipling's action had been based on some serious misapprehensions, and that he had been, doubtless, misled by his legal adviser.

The death is announced of Mr. Ebenezer Ward, one of the founders of the great firm of Ward and Lock. Mr. George Lock and Mr. Ward commenced operations in 1854 at 158, Fleet Street. Mr. Ward retired from active business about twenty years ago, but long before he had gone he had seen the house raised to a position of secure prosperity.

M. Jusserand has replied in a very spirited manner to the criticisms of Mr. Churton Collins. Among the points he makes is the following—

On page 201 of his book, he says that, in my "Literary History," "four lines suffice for Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,'" adding his usual exclamation "!" When Mr. Collins wrote this—the same Mr. Collins who has ever on his lips the words "absurdity," "nonsense," and "imposture"—he had my book before him and the four lines under his eyes, plus a fifth one, of which he says nothing, which is to the effect that "Malory and Caxton will be mentioned again in connection with the Renaissance."

These discussions are very regrettable. When will historians of literature recognise that a certain percentage of errors is inevitable in all literary histories? Mr. Churton Collins has had a very sharp lesson, and it may be hoped that he has learned it. o. o.

## HOW MR. CARNEGIE CAME TO GIVE TWO MILLIONS FOR THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S latest benefaction is two millions sterling in aid of the Scottish Universities. The exact method of the application of the money has not yet been clearly defined, save that

## A CARNEGIE TRUST

will be formed which will pay the fees of all students that apply for assistance, and a certain portion will be available for other University purposes. Students attending extra-mural schools are also to benefit, so that in future the payment of fees need not deter any young person of either sex of Scottish birth from participating in a University education. Coming immediately after the gift of

## £100,000 FOR DISTRICT LIBRARIES IN GLASGOW,

the magnificence of the last grand present has impressed the public mind very much and set everyone talking, from the highest University authorities downwards. Professor Masson, who is still in poor health, naturally rejoices in the gift. It is the largest sum hitherto set aside at one time by any private individual for such a purpose.

An article by a fellow-townsmen of Dunfermline in the *Nineteenth Century*, suggesting an entirely free system of University education, is said to have prompted this latest benefaction. Mr. Thomas Shaw, K.C., and M.P. for the Hawick Burghs since 1892, was the writer, and, along with Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. John Morley, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, has been consulted on the subject. Not payment of fees, but better endowment of Scottish Universities is what is most wanted, say some of the outside critics.

It is some time since Mr. Carnegie, in reply to a friend who asked how much he had given away, said that he had "just begun to give." "The man that dies rich dies disgraced" is

## A PROVERB COINED FOR MILLIONAIRES BY MR. CARNEGIE.

So are his sentiments on retiring from the colossal concern which he had created—

"I sold in pursuance of a policy, determined upon long ago, not to spend my old age in business, struggling after more dollars. I believe in developing a dignified and unselfish life after sixty."

## DUNFERMLINE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE,

whose portrait adorns *The Sketch*, is the chief town of West Fife, and chief seat of the table-linen manufacture, and from the tenth to the sixteenth centuries was a frequent place of residence for the Scottish Kings. There is a cast of the skull of King Robert the Bruce at present on view in the Glasgow Exhibition, which was taken from the remains disinterred there in 1823. The dust of Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, and other Royal personages, lies there. But we never hear of Andrew Carnegie, the author of "Triumphant Democracy," boasting much of these royal associations. Rather does he boast that he has the blood of three generations of the wildest Radicals that ever drew breath in Fife, one of them, Mr. Thomas Morrison, having contributed to Cobbett's *Register*. Andrew Carnegie was

## BORN ON NOV. 25, 1835, IN MOODIE STREET,

and had the usual education available for a weaver's son. The factory system killed hand-loom weaving, and so the four damask-looms of William Carnegie became silent, and led to the emigration, in 1847, of the father and mother and their two sons, Andrew and Thomas, to the United States. Some forty-two days were spent on the voyage. They

## SETTLED IN ALLEGHANY CITY, PENNSYLVANIA;

the father entered a cotton factory; like David Livingstone, Carnegie also became a "bobbin-boy," at one dollar and twenty cents a-week. He was then twelve years of age, and confesses to more enjoyment on the receipt of these slender wages than from more magnificent later earnings. Removed to another factory, he lit an engine-boiler in the cellar, and ran the small engine which gave "power" to the place. The third step in Carnegie's upward progress came when he obtained a situation as

## MESSAGE-BOY IN A TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT PITTSBURG,

at the age of fourteen. Having a sensitive ear and a good memory, he soon learned to take messages by the ear when promoted as operator, which brought him into notice, and, what was better, yielded him the then enormous salary of twenty-five dollars a-month. Next, he was shunted to the Pennsylvania Railroad, as clerk and operator, at thirty-five dollars a-month, under Mr. Thomas A. Scott, and, after thirteen years of service, was

## SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PITTSBURG DIVISION.

His chief, Mr. Scott, encouraged him to buy ten shares in the Adams Express Company, to pay which the Carnegie home had to be mortgaged. The first cheque from his first business investment was a revelation to him, and he next very promptly took shares in Woodruff's invention for the first sleeping-cars, afterwards absorbed by Mr. Pullman. Then came the great opportunity of his life. Wooden bridges for railways had only a short lease of life, and he organised the Keystone Bridge Works in Pittsburg to build iron bridges. As he was never reconciled to working for other people, one adventure led to another,



until he was at the head of a gigantic and most complete system of iron and steel industries, with the largest manufacture of pig-iron, steel rails, and coke in the world. The industrial system founded by Carnegie and his partners embraced also the transportation of ore by rail and water, as well as the ownership of mines. Mr. Carnegie's advent into the field of metallurgy thus followed his retirement from the office of the

of the Company's stock, and the Pierpont-Morgan syndicate are said to have bought Mr. Carnegie's shares for about 140,000,000 dollars.

"IF YOU TAKE TO GOLF, YOU WILL ADD TEN YEARS TO YOUR LIFE," said Bailie Mackenzie of Edinburgh to Carnegie when he told him he was to lay off a course at Skibo. "Do you say so?" said Mr. Carnegie.

*"POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES."*



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, THE MILLIONAIRE PHILANTHROPIST OF AMERICA, WHO HAS PRESENTED £2,000,000 TO THE UNIVERSITIES OF SCOTLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CROOKE, EDINBURGH.

Superintendent of the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania Railway, thirty-six years ago.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW CARNEGIE COMPANY, has had almost as remarkable a career as the man he succeeded. Mr. Carnegie is said to have owned 86,000,000 of the 160,000,000 dollars

"If you add ten years to my life, I'll make you a present of two millions." John Wesley believed that he owed his health and long life to rising early, travelling thousands of miles, and preaching, the healthiest occupation in the world. It is possible Mr. Carnegie has discovered another healthy occupation, that of giving. His latest benefaction completes a total of about eight millions sterling.

"TIS THE BRIGHT DAY THAT BRINGS FORTH THE CYCLIST."—SHAKSPERE (*adapted*).



IT'S A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING.



NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.



FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.



BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER.



TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S NONE.



A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE.



TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.



"TIS THE BRIGHT DAY THAT BRINGS FORTH THE CYCLIST."—SHAKSPERE (*adapted*).



ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST.



MANY HANDS MAKE LIGHT WORK.



DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE.



NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.



IT'S EASY TO BOWL DOWN HILL.



POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE LAW.



AN OUNCE OF HELP IS WORTH A POUND OF PITY.

## MR. J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

WE are all boys at heart—even the youngest of us—and anyone who can give vitality and permanence to the glowing scenes of romance that stir the imagination of youth is our friend. This is the function, though not the sole duty in life, of Mr. Seymour Lucas. He has felt the glamour of the past and

## THE GLORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

He has thrilled at "the great deeds she wrought in ancient days," and can do so still. In his youth he was the slave of Sir Walter Scott. Wood-carving and sculpture, to which he first gave his attention, might have their charms, but only colour could realise the fascination of the "Wizard of the North." A course of study at the Royal Academy Schools gave the ardent young painter the technical knowledge that he needed, and he immediately utilised it to such effect that he not only extracted Mr. Tooth's admiration, but extracted a cheque from him also, in return for a picture. This achievement was significant and encouraging, and the artist continued to study with greater zeal, saturating himself with historical records and stories of chivalry, like a modern Don Quixote, collecting armour and costumes, and living among the heroes of old. Much that he had absorbed in this way was successfully expressed in the later 'seventies, and the exhibition of

## "THE ARMADA IN SIGHT"

established his position and fame.

It was then that the charm of Spain—the disastrous charm, as it turned out—began to work its spell upon him. Perhaps not so much the country of the Knight of the Windmill as her great artist was the attraction, and nothing would satisfy Mr. Lucas but to study Velasquez in Madrid. Two remarkable works followed, "Charles I. before Gloucester" and "After Culloden." But

## SPAIN AND VELASQUEZ

continued to allure, and it was not long before another visit was undertaken. The circumstances of the terrible railway accident that shattered one of Mr. Lucas's limbs, his endurance of months of pain, during which it was a doubtful question whether he would ever sufficiently recover to resume his profession, how the Queen of Spain visited his bedside, and how a large sum was awarded to him as compensation which he could never secure, are all so well remembered that it is needless to refer to them in detail now. His wonderful vitality and hopefulness, and the

## UNQUENCHABLE CHEERINESS OF HIS DISPOSITION

did more to pull him through than the Spanish doctors, and never has anything afforded more gratification to the body of artists and art-lovers in this country than the knowledge that Seymour Lucas was himself again, and could pursue his work of reviving the scenes of long ago in the bold colour-schemes that they always suggested to

his fertile imagination. For Mr. Lucas's personal qualities had gained him widespread goodwill and sympathy, apart from the esteem evoked by his ability. The students in the Academy Schools, who remembered the kindness and assistance that he had rendered as visitor; the workers in the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, where he had acted as Examiner; a multitude of strangers who recognised the force of his representations, and a host of personal friends, had felt keen

## ANXIETY DURING HIS LONG ILLNESS.

It was hard to think of a man of such buoyancy and wit, one who was ever ready to provoke a laugh by his anecdotes and amusing turns of thought, grievously injured and patiently suffering in a foreign land.

As an artist, Mr. Lucas has the advantage of being able to excite admiration from various points of view. His sense of the dramatic is exemplified by "The Clouds that Gather Round the Setting Sun" in the present Exhibition at the Academy; his sense of humour is manifested in frequent flashes; he has a finished technique and a joyous sense of colour. Moreover, he has a conscientious regard for historical accuracy, and this is never lost sight of in developing the decorative qualities of ancient costumes and the shimmer of arms and armour, which are always correct in detail, like everything else that appears in his pictures. But, no doubt, the characteristic for which his work is most highly valued is his power of realising the spirit as well as the aspect of

## THE OLD-WORLD SCENES

that he depicts. His figures are no mere stage-supers, they are instinct with life and individuality.

There is some advantage in having a discriminating critic at home, especially one whose family traditions go straight back to the Old Masters, for Mrs. Seymour Lucas, herself an accomplished painter, comes of a highly artistic stock, whose connection with Rubens can be easily traced. Mr. Lucas simply dare not do anything unworthy of these associations, though, without such a stimulus, his own ideals would

be sufficient to keep him up to a high standard. One of his greatest achievements of late years is the

## FRESCO PAINTED FOR THE ROYAL EXCHANGE,

representing "William the Conqueror Granting the First Charter to the City," and presented by the Corporation. A number of his historical and romantic works have been engraved or otherwise reproduced, and in this way have obtained such widespread appreciation that multitudes of people, when they try to call up before their imagination the picturesque life of the past, unwittingly do so by the aid of Seymour Lucas. Fortunately, his rendering is one that can be relied upon. It is sometimes said that English historical painting is a declining art; but, though its exponents may be few, so long as its quality is maintained by a painter of such capacity there need be no apprehension on the point.

A. G.



MR. JOHN SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A., IN HIS STUDIO.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*The Blue Riband Party—The Derby as a Race—"Good Things that Do Not Come Off"—D-e-r-b-y, Darby—Are Race-Glasses Becoming?—The Only Infallible System—Hector Macdonald Wound-Up.*

THE Blue Riband of the Turf! There was a provincial editor whose printer ran out of capital "D's," and he had to speak of "the Blue Riband of the Turf" instead of "the Derby" all through his sporting column. But to refer to the Derby simply as the Derby always argues one to be not only utterly ignorant of racing, but, generally, out of the movement. The present is an essentially British race. Some of the jockeys and several of the horses are English. Numbers of the spectators will be from London, not New York. The race is not yet conducted by an American Trust. Many of the prominent welschers now practising are British-born.

Nothing mars our enjoyment of the luncheon, the acrobats, the ladies' dresses, the card-sharpers—and even the racing, for, after all, there is the racing, though we may have to buy a newspaper on our way home to find what horses ran and which won. And Parliament has wisely (though in defiance of tradition) decided against meeting a day earlier to debate whether it should adjourn for a day or not.

At the moment when these lines are being added to the classical literature of the country, the Derby has not yet been run. It may unhesitatingly be described as a splendid race not to bet on. Young men may make a considerable income by refusing to take the multitudinous tips offered them. It is at such a time—when the betting is "all round the book"—that the Delphic style of tipster is in his strength. Thus, in saying, "Though Doricles reads dangerous, the 'Blue Riband of the Turf' should fall this year to Volodyovski. If he has anything to fear, it will be from Cottager. Handicapper, however, is hot; and, while H.R.H. possesses chances, the owners of Royal Rouge appear equally confident. But all calculations may be upset by Jour de Fête"—I feel certain of having to some extent indicated the successful horse, far more honourably than on the usual professional system of predicting a different winner in each of six daily papers, and then pointing to the correct one as a proof of the possession of exclusive racing information.

A correspondent, apparently under the delusion that scientific investigation can be applied to English grammar, complains of the spelling of "Derby" being different from its pronunciation. He compares the way we pronounce Bethune "Beeton," Ruthven "Riven," and Beauvoir "Beever." This is nothing. There is a man in Ireland who spells his name C-r-a-v-e-n and pronounces it "Courtney"!

As an eminent writer on ladies' fashions observes, "nothing is so becoming to a girl's face as race-glasses." They certainly are useful

things for keeping the hands employed, showing off the sleeves, emphasising the complexion—and, occasionally, for seeing the races. In a man's countenance a ship's telescope is perhaps a more attractive feature. The expression of some brands of cigars and cigarettes is, however, eminently aristocratic and intelligent. Fashion Correspondents have often discussed the effects of hansom-cabs and opera-boxes on the complexion. But surely it is going too far to wear a different hat with each pair of race-glasses, and to have dogs of different colours and dress up to them, as one Society leader is accused of doing. Much of this modern feminine smoking is due to the fact that a cigarette between a girl's lips—leaving its moral aspect severely alone (for this I am incapable of judging)—is highly becoming.

There are two ways of backing horses—one for the fun of a day's outing, and the other as a commercial speculation. The only "infallible system" for this last is never to bet at all. Of two of the greatest authorities in London, one declares "ruin and destitution" to be "the only result ever achieved by the punter in the end," and the other says that to bet habitually is inevitably to lose in the long run. One of the greatest sporting writers lately said that "the fates are against backers," "the more one really knows, the less likely it is to come off." Mr. Justin McSweeney, the representative racing-man of Australia, declares that he has seen thirty millionaires ruined on the Turf, and that now, after fathoming the mysteries of racing to their depths, wild horses would not drag him to bet. Backing horses, my brethren, is not business, but pleasure. And it is comforting to see that bookmakers go bankrupt sometimes.

The young reader does not need to be told that, in selecting his "fancy," he wants nothing more than a list of "previous performances" and a tout's account of a recent trial (at unknown weights and over an unknown distance). The length of the course, the jockey, the probable state of the going, the penalties (if a handicap), the weather—may all be ignored as utterly unimportant. Horses' chances are commonly calculated by simply looking at them in the saddling paddock, and, as a matter of fact, this system is about as safe

as any other. For ladies, of course, it is enough if the horse's tail is neatly clipped and his hoofs sand-papared.

One lady, indeed, the other day insisted that Volodyovski was a Polish tenor. Another asked what sporting writers meant by saying that "Mr. Bateman's Aunt Carrie" was only four years old and that "H.R.H. was warm," and whether the latter referred to the Duke of Cornwall and York's Australian tour? A glance at the papers would have also shown her that Mr. Joel's Uncle Jack is entered for a race in France, and that Mr. T. Robert's Heir Male lately carried nine stone—an apparently heavy weight for a young lad. Victor Hugo, I see, so far from being dead, is only four years old. More extraordinary still, "Hector Macdonald is now wound-up, and his price has shortened." Can this refer to the question somewhat common at the beginning of the War—"What price the English Generals?"

HILL ROWAN.



MISS FEBEA STRAKOSCH AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST."

Miss Febea Strakosch has been welcomed back to Covent Garden as Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and as an exceptionally comely Venus in "Tannhäuser." She made her first appearance at the Royal Opera two seasons ago, and is a singer of much charm. "The Sketch" has the pleasure of portraying this prepossessing young lady and accomplished artiste as Marguerite. Photograph by Barnett, Park Side, Hyde Park.

## EPSOM SUMMER MEETING.



HORSES PARADING AT EPSOM.



THE STANDS.



EPSOM SUMMER MEETING.



THE UNCLEARED COURSE AND THE HILL, SEEN FROM THE GRAND STAND.



ENTERING THE WEIGHING ENCLOSURE.

SCENES FROM "THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



Frayne (Mr. Oscar Adye).                      Crosbie (Mr. Weedon Grossmith).    Lady Hampshire (Miss May Palfrey).

ACT I. : "SHALL I GET HER LADYSHIP A CAB, SIR?"

Roundle (Mr. Arthur Eldred).    Paulina (Miss Amy Willard).    Bogle (Mr. Prince Miller).



Flambert (Mr. Hubert Druce).    Gipsy Vandeller (Miss Minna Blakiston).    Crosbie (Mr. Weedon Grossmith).    Nannie Portland (Miss Ida Morris).

ACT I. : THE PARTY.    CROSBIE: "WELL, NANNIE, HOW ARE YOU?"    NANNIE: "I-DUN'NO!"



SCENES FROM THE REVIVAL OF "WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



Sir Philip Curtoys (Mr. Eric Lewis), and Lady Curtoys (Miss Alice de Winton).      The Hon. Mrs. Onslow Bulmer (Miss Compton), and Lord Eric Chantrell (Mr. Dion Boucicault).

ACT II.: DRAWING-ROOM IN SIR PHILIP CURTOYS' HOUSE IN MAYFAIR. LADY CURTOYS BIDS HER SELF-ABSORBED HUSBAND A FINAL FAREWELL BEFORE RUNNING AWAY WITH ANOTHER MAN.



The Hon. Mrs. Onslow Bulmer.      Jim Blagden (Mr. Arthur Bourchier).      Lord Eric Chantrell.

ACT III.: ROOM AT THE "HORN OF PLENTY" INN, BECKINGTON. JIM BLAGDEN, THE UNSCRUPULOUS MAN-ABOUT-TOWN, ROUNDS ON LORD ERIC, WHO HAS CUT HIM OUT WITH MRS. BULMER.

# "THE SKETCH" ART JOTTINGS.

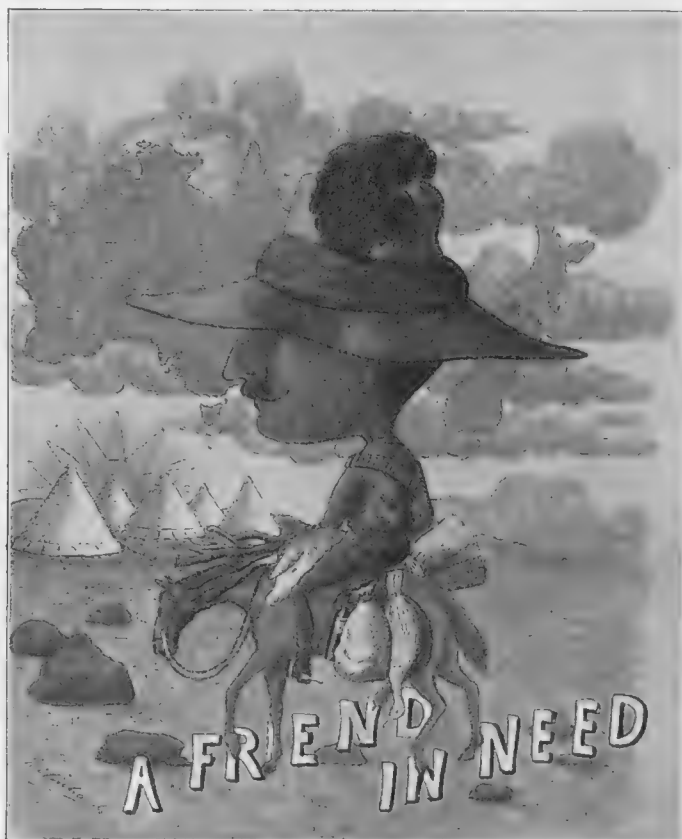
## ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

**A** DETERMINED effort is being made to win a place among the fine arts for photography, and those who wish to appreciate the work that has been accomplished in this direction may be referred to the exhibitions at the Alpine Club and the Photographic Society's. At the former may be seen mountain scenery of various

negative, and it is astonishing how much tone and emphasis capable photographers are able to introduce.

## NICO W. JUNGMAUN'S SHOW.

The frescoes and water-colours by this artist at the Dowdeswell Galleries illustrate his method of applying a pre-Raphaelite feeling to modern Holland and beautifying the simplest scenes that are characteristic of that country with decorative composition and striking colour-effects. The peasantry and children in pursuit of work or play are endowed with



SOUTH AFRICAN CARICATURES BY AN AMATEUR ARTIST.

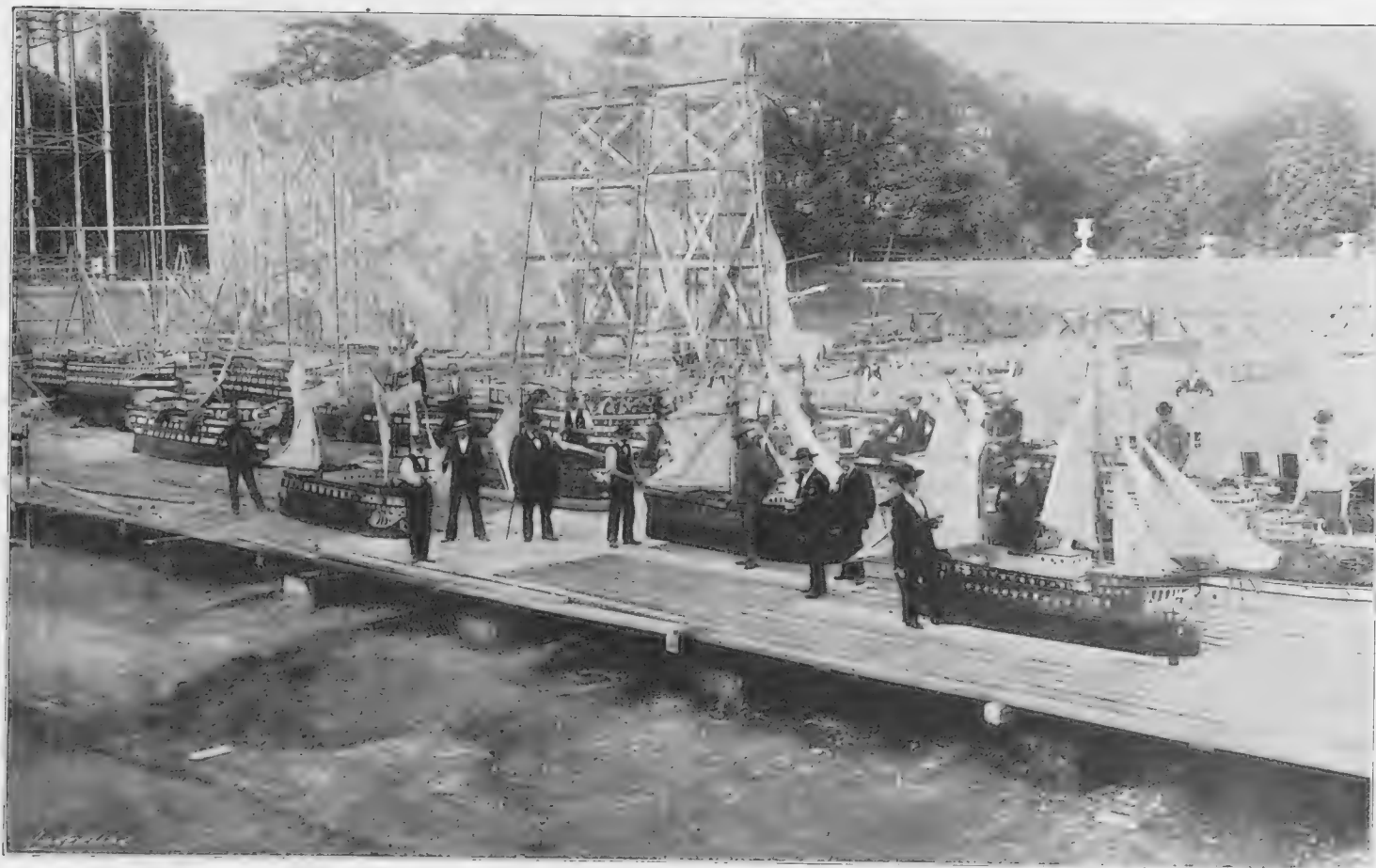
countries under peculiar atmospheric influences, with climbers making their way over precipitous routes; and at the latter, a show of work by M. Demachy, of Paris, who has photographed scenery and people—especially billet-girls—with a great deal of artistic discrimination. The effects are produced by suppression and accentuation in developing the

a degree of poetry that approaches sanctity, and this is enhanced by the quaintly designed frames, whose harmonious tone is distinctly helpful to the colour-arrangements. The pictures are full of temperament and force, but are so different from what one is accustomed to see that it would be difficult to place them in an ordinary collection.



AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: WORK AND PLAY.

*From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace.*



THE NAVAL AND MILITARY EXHIBITION: "ADMIRAL" MORGAN PREPARING THE FLEET FOR THE NILE AND TRAFALGAR SEA-FIGHTS.



DR. W. G. GRACE AND HIS MERRY MEN GETTING INTO TRIM FOR THE SEASON.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

WON BY A HEAD: THE STORY OF A  
"DARK 'UN'S" DERBY.

BY ROBERT PARKE BUCKLEY.



CAPTAIN PAXTON was a born sportsman in every sense of the term. His grandfather had been famous in his day as a brilliant performer in the pigskin, and his father bred racehorses, one of which had run an unlucky second in the Derby.

Cradled almost in a racing-jacket, and schooled in an atmosphere redolent of Ruff's Guide and racecourses, it was small

wonder that the gallant Captain showed decided sporting proclivities.

In his undergraduate days he was a good, all-round athlete, equally at home with a trout-rod, an oar, or a breechloader. Muscle was with him far more important than mind, and when his progenitor died, leaving him his valuable stud, he soon became a prominent personage on the Turf.

The Captain paid his customary visit to Doncaster to witness the race for the St. Leger. He was having a remarkable run of luck on the Turf, and could not do wrong. Even a weedy, despised selling-plater he picked up for a few guineas at the Epsom Spring Meeting trained on into a more than useful handicapper, captured a couple of thousand-pound stakes, and the bookmakers, upon going through their accounts for the Monday settlements, discovered that the owner had supported his candidate in no uncertain manner. At the famous September sales his star was still in the ascendant, as he managed to pick up a charming yearling colt, full of promise, bred to race, and having Derby and St. Leger engagements to its name, for at least a thousand guineas under value. Indeed, the sound caused by the falling of Mr. Tattersall's hammer had hardly died away ere a telegram was handed to a prominent buyer of bloodstock, containing instructions from a South African millionaire to purchase this identical yearling for any sum within reason.

However, it was too late, and many were the congratulations showered upon the fortunate purchaser. The special commissioner of a sporting daily spoke of Fleetfoot as the bargain of the sales, which was a generally acknowledged fact. It was true—he could not do wrong, and the sporting paragraphists called him "Lucky Paxton" when referring to his exploits.

The purchase made in the Butterscotch Town was duly installed in the hands of old Joe Riddle, the clever trainer who had care of Paxton's small but select stud, and underwent the customary routine of yearling racehorses, the owner going down occasionally to inspect the progress made by his promising thoroughbred.

"He's got the making of a Derby favourite in him," said the clever trainer, as he passed an expert and almost loving hand down Fleetfoot's forelegs. "If he was mine, sir, he wouldn't do no work as a two-year-old. I'd let him potter about with the old 'uns next year; he's a big 'un, and wants time to let down. I've seen dozens of two-year-olds just about his build completely ruined on the adamantine going at Ascot, and if he goes galloping on hard ground it might bust him up for good. That's my idea, sir; but it's, of course, for you to say. The others entered for the Derby will be grinding at it all the year. It does 'em no good, but owners are that impatient nowadays they can't wait, and aren't content until they've broken a good horse down. I haven't trained three Derby winners for nothing, and, if this ain't a likely fourth, I never see one."

Paxton was a fine judge of racing, and no fool, so he wisely decided not to let Fleetfoot carry silk during his two-year-old career. He was sorely tempted upon many occasions to find out what Fleetfoot really could accomplish in public, but, being one of those men who have the valuable quality of patience, he forbore to break the promise made to his sage trainer. The two-year-olds that year having liabilities in the classic events were a rather ragged lot, and, as is the case under these circumstances, kept beating each other with frequent regularity, so that the form was hopelessly muddled, it being difficult to pick out one of the leading half-dozen a length better than the others. Needless to say, Paxton was a most interested paddock critic when these horses were due to run and a keen observer of the various races in which they participated.

In October he journeyed down to the Queenslea training quarters, in response to an invitation from his trainer, who suggested the advisability of "a rough gallop with a couple of the old 'uns, just to see what the youngster was made of." Over his pipe and whisky that night Riddle waxed enthusiastic as he spoke of the astonishing progress made by his charge. The gallop—it was not really a trial—was arranged to take place early next morning on a quiet corner of the Downs, and when, in the semi-gloom, the trainer divested Fleetfoot of his top-sheets, his owner was agreeably surprised at the vast improvement, manifest even to the merest tyro in the Sport of Kings.

"Look at him!" said the trainer enthusiastically, as he fondly patted the thoroughbred's head. "He's as game as a pebble, as sweet-tempered as a turtle-dove with those as knows 'ow to manage him; and look at his legs, eh? They're perfect pictures. He might have been bred to order to come down Tattenham Corner."

The trainer did not exaggerate in the slightest degree, and so carried away was the owner by his enthusiasm that he could already see himself leading in his first Blue Riband winner amidst the deafening cheers of the multitude.

"Now, we'll walk him through the plantation. Old Musicmaster and Selsea Bill are being led about over there, and we'll just give 'em a pipe-opener, and then gallop the beauties together over five furlongs."

After the preliminaries had been gone through, the trainer gave his instructions to the three stable-boys and the head lad.

"Now, Tim," he said, addressing the latter, "just you go with 'em and see as they start together from the old oak. And you," turning to the rider of Musicmaster, "make the pace good. I don't want to crack the youngster though, mind you. Selsea Bill will keep close handy; and, 'Apples,' just let Fleetfoot stride along as he pleases. I don't want you to bustle him nor saw his head off. Don't force him. Take a gentle feeler, and, if you find him going well within himself, let him gallop. Give me that whip, and take those spurs off; you won't want them." The owner and the trainer stationed themselves by the side of some gorse-bushes—an historical landmark in his trials—which made the distance to be covered about five furlongs. Presently they could see the animals, emerging from the early morning mist, coming thundering towards them, Musicmaster, on the best of terms with himself and evidently enjoying his gallop, Selsea Bill, a couple of lengths behind, with Fleetfoot running smoothly enough half-a-length in the rear. The watchers at the gorse-bushes had their glasses to their eyes, breathlessly noting each incident of the gallop, and, when about four furlongs had been covered, Musicmaster's tail was switching round ominously, windmill-like, and he began to roll a bit, as if he had had enough of it.

"That butcher-boy of a jockey has made the pace a cracker!" yelled the trainer. "I'll give 'im a taste of my ash-plant, and——"

Just then, with hardly an effort, Fleetfoot shot out and passed the spectators a good two lengths ahead of the others, looking as if he could have gone on for a mile or two. He would not have blown the proverbial candle out.

"What the dickens made you set such a pace?" roared the irate trainer to Musicmaster's rider.

"Couldn't 'elp it, sir. 'E seemed to know 'e'd got something behind 'im as could go, and 'e was that jealous to get 'ome first 'e beat 'isself, sir. 'E pulled that 'ard I couldn't 'old 'im."

The old trainer could barely restrain a chuckle, although, for diplomatic reasons, he swore vigorously at the stable-boys all the way back to the house, and vowed they had ruined the young 'un irretrievably. However, when breakfast was being discussed, he threw off the mask and could hardly contain his delight.

"Smothered the old 'uns, begad! absolutely smothered 'em!" he exclaimed, his rubicund visage becoming dangerously red as he burst out into a fit of hearty laughter.

"Well, you never told me what weights they carried," observed Paxton. "When I know that, I shall, perhaps, be in a better position to appreciate the merits of Fleetfoot and participate in your uproarious merriment."

"Even weights with Musicmaster, and Selsea Bill received five pounds—honour bright!" the trainer solemnly asseverated, as he observed the excusable look of astonishment on the owner's face.

"Why, the Derby's as good as over!"

"That's why I'm laughing. I knew Fleetfoot was *nearly* a flier, but I'd no idea he was equal to beating Musicmaster. I know we can rely on the trial, as he's never put me in the cart yet, either in trials or when carrying silk."

The touts had no suspicion as to the merits of Fleetfoot, and, even if they witnessed the rough-up, which is highly problematical, preferring the comfort of the warm blankets to cold five o'clock touting, they did not supply their respective papers with any account of it. During the winter months preceding the Derby, the bookmakers, in view of the open aspect of the race, were very liberal in their offers; ten to one on the field was the current rate quoted in the *Sportsman*, and that paper's representative reported very little doing, although several were taken in lots against the field. In these, Fleetfoot's name did not transpire, Diogenes and Bombay being the leading favourites for money. The secret was so well kept that the great majority of the racing public forgot such a horse existed.

During the spring, Paxton commenced supporting his candidate at the long odds of a hundred to one, and so unostentatious was he in his operations that the Two Thousand Guineas had been run before the sporting populace awoke to the fact that the "dark 'un" was fancied a bit; then the odds shortened to fifties. At Newmarket, the owner, seeing the poor class of the Two Thousand competitors, all of which were due to run in the Epsom event, backed Fleetfoot until the bookmakers cried "enough," and a hundred to six was the closing price.

A month is not a very long time, but during the period occurring between the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby a great deal may happen.

Paxton's luck had taken a sudden turn, and his good-fortune quickly panned out. Every investment he made persistently turned out unprofitable, and a bad Chester was followed by a disastrous Kempton.

Another fortnight would see the Derby over, and, if Fleetfoot failed to prove successful in this historic event, Paxton would be utterly unable to



THE DERBY: PHOTOS OF THE COURSE FROM START TO FINISH.

*Taken by R. P. Buckley, the Author of "Won by a Head: The Story of a 'Dark 'Un's' Derby."*



THE DERBY STARTING-POST.



THE DERBY STARTING-POST, WITH GRAND STAND IN THE DISTANCE.



EPSOM GRAND STAND (FROM THE OLD RUBBING-HOUSE).



TATTENHAM CORNER: A CRITICAL POINT OF THE RACE FOR THE DERBY.



THE GRAND STAND, EPSOM: JUDGE'S BOX WHERE BOY IS STANDING.



THE WINNING-POST. THIS FACES THE STANDS.

meet the liabilities he had incurred in supporting his candidate, and would have to leave the Turf, if not the country. Racing men are popularly supposed to be utterly devoid of commercial morality, but those behind the scenes know that a very severe code is rigidly observed, although there are on the Turf, as elsewhere, a few black sheep who bring disgrace upon their *confrères*.

There were other reasons, apart from financial ones, why Captain Paxton was anxious to win the Derby. He had, after steering clear of the fair sex, at last succumbed to the wiles and fascinations of a dark divinity he had met on a house-boat at Henley. Miss Florrie West, who was the eldest daughter of a large landowner, obligingly reciprocated the passion confessed by him, and there was every possibility of a charming, old-fashioned romance, as the young lady's father, who had violent prejudices against racing, vowed that his favourite child should have nothing to do with a man who owned racehorses and frequented racecourses. The young lady's admirer had promised to give up the Turf for good after the Derby, and, upon the strength of this promise, her father, after making exhaustive inquiries as to her lover's antecedents, relented. If he could tide over the disastrous time, Paxton felt sure of everything coming right in the end. Old Joe Riddle, the trainer, sent up glowing accounts of Fleetfoot's progress, and the horse came out of a very high trial in the presence of his owner with flying colours. The betting returns showed that the public had fastened on to the "dark 'un," and the price shortened so much that he was now third favourite.

It was common property that, after a lot of trouble, owing to Fleetfoot's funny temper with strangers, a crack jockey, whose probity was beyond question, had been engaged to ride. In fact, Fleetfoot's bright prospects of winning the coveted race were unquestionable. However, a well-backed candidate has occasionally more risks to run than the exigencies of training include, and in this instance a notoriously unscrupulous bookmaker, who had laid against the horse in such a wholesale manner that Fleetfoot's success meant utter ruin to him, determined to prevent such a disastrous contingency.

"Flash Harry," as the bookmaker was called by racegoers, was not looked upon with any great amount of favour by his brother-pencillers. He had commenced life as a racecourse vendor of the humble but succulent stewed eel, and, as this delicacy is consumed in large quantities by the poorer class of sportsmen, he amassed sufficient money to start a small bookmaking business, which gradually grew, until he was now making a big book in Tattersall's and in a position to lose thousands of pounds over a race with comparative equanimity. He had, in Fleetfoot's case, overshot the mark, and his trusted tout, sent down by him to the horse's training quarters to report as to the chance of Paxton's representative, vowed that the race was, in his opinion, as good as over.

"Look 'ere," said the bookmaker, with a black look on his none-too-handsome face. "Fleetfoot's not going to win—you understand me? Little 'Arry Burton's going ter ride the 'oss, and 'e can't be bribed, that's a certainty. I did try once, but never no more. Threatened ter report me to the Stooards, 'e did! Now, I've found this out. Fleetfoot's a funny 'oss ter 'andle: goes like a lamb for the lad as looks arter 'im in 'is stable—'Apples,' 'e's called—but can't abear a strange jockey on 'is back. Several have been down to ride 'im, 'aving the offer of the mount, and 'e's gone for 'em open-mouthed. Forder told me as 'ow 'e thought 'e was goin' ter eat 'im when 'e went down to ride 'im in a gallop. We can't nobble the 'oss, so nobble the rider, says I; and you've got ter do it. They can't get another jockey ter ride 'im for love or money. It means five 'undred pounds for you—five 'undred ov the best and brightest as ever come out of the Mint—and I'll tell yer 'ow yer sets ter work. 'Arry is a-drivin' down from London to Epsom the Monday before the Derby—'e gen'lly does, just ter 'ave a bit o' lunch at the King's 'Ed, and then 'e walks round the course for luck, 'e ses. It'll be bad luck this time, I'm thinkin'. 'E always leaves his dog-cart at the old Rubbin' 'Ouse on the Downs while 'e walks round, and then drives back to London. Now, you've got ter be at this place on Monday and mind 'is 'oss. There's dozens more loafin' round; but get there in time, see 's they 'as plenty o' beer, and you'll be sure o' getting the job. When 'e's comfortably settled and ready to drive back, just before yer looses the 'oss's 'ed, touch a fussee on the lighted pipe you'll be smoking, and drop it in the 'oss's ear. I reckon he'll fly down the hill past the 'Durdans' quicker'n greased lightnin'," laughed the bookmaker maliciously, "if 'e don't 'ave a spill. I've seen many nasty accidents down that orkard 'ill, and perhaps this'll be another."

The diabolical scheme of the cunning bookmaker was duly carried out and resulted exactly as he had anticipated. The horse, maddened with the agonising pain caused by the burning fussee, dashed frantically away, and, wildly careering down the steep lane, entirely beyond control, violently collided with some iron railings, threw out the jockey, who crashed against them with a sickening thud, and was eventually extricated from the débris of the shattered dog-cart by some passing stable-boys, and taken, with a dangling, broken arm, to the Cottage Hospital.

The startling news was duly set forth in double-ledged type in the morning papers, and when the Captain saw it his cheeks blanched and he felt sick. He wired all over England to find a capable jockey, but none was to be had, even Newmarket being drawn blank. If he found one, the probability was that Fleetfoot would refuse to gallop for him, he was such an eccentric horse in his likes and dislikes, apart from the fact that he might, as is frequently the case, run green upon making his début in public. In his extremity, he wired to the

trainer to expect him that afternoon. He found the old gentleman in the best of humours, his jovial face and twinkling eyes being in striking contrast to Paxton's own woebegone visage. After hearing Paxton's tale of trouble and agreeing with him that the jockey's accident was the result of a vile plot, the trainer said, "Look here, now, we'll outwit the beggars yet! Fleetfoot 'ull do anything for the lad who looks after him, and Fred Codlin's 'is name—we calls him 'Apples,' for short. You remember, he rode in that rough-up with Musicmaster. Now, he's had his licence from the Jockey Club this last four years, and he's no stranger to the Epsom gradients, as he's ridden old Musicmaster for me there several times when the old reliable's been out to get my quarter's rent. Let *him* ride! Keep it as dark as a bag, and at the last minute we'll have him weighed out, pop him up, and Fleetfoot and 'Apples' ought to pass the judge by themselves, or I'm very much mistaken."

The sporting papers were full of the accident to the popular jockey, and commiserated with Fleetfoot's owner upon his bad luck. Paxton did not visit Epsom for the Tuesday's racing, but drove down on Wednesday morning, accompanied by his sister and the lady of his heart, who had prevailed upon her anti-racing father to let her witness a Derby "just for once." It was a glorious day for the wondrous Epsom Carnival, with its famous motley crowd, three parts of which would never see even a glimpse of the actual race. But they were at the Derby, and that sufficed. The shows, the swings, the Gipsies, the man on stilts, the vendors of hard-boiled eggs and fruit, the thieves, the preachers, the jugglers, the boxers—they were all there, as usual. The owner of Fleetfoot soon discovered, from the blatant shouts of the bookmakers peppering his horse, that it had gone out in the betting, and "Flash Harry," who had devised the foul scheme whereby the jockey he had engaged to ride was incapacitated, never seemed to tire in his offers to lay against the animal.

When the comparatively unknown rider, clad in the Captain's colours, approached the Clerk of the Scales to be weighed out, even the sporting reporters stood aghast; but during the preliminary parade and canter the lad pleased everyone by the artistic manner in which he handled his mount. Many an old stager, struck by the friendly terms upon which horse and rider appeared to be, and the long, telling strides of Fleetfoot in the canter, invested a few sovereigns on the off chance.

"Keep your head screwed on, 'Apples,'" the trainer had said as he loosed the leading-rein prior to the canter. "Don't get flurried, and you'll win your first Derby."

The horses were soon under the starter's orders, and a breathless silence came over the occupants of the stands. Packed like herrings in a barrel, they stood, with their glasses glued to their eyes, breathlessly watching for the flag to fall. After a couple of false starts, the white signal fell, the horses getting away in a beautifully level line, to the accompaniment of the thunderous Derby roar from the spectators, "They're off!" Before reaching Sherwood's Cottage, a horse, having a running-making mission for a stable-companion, shot to the front, as if competing in a sprint race, the others huddled up in a bunch behind; Fleetfoot's striking colours, easily discernible on the rails, lying about third, with the favourite galloping stride for stride on his right. Coming through the Furzes they began to string out a bit; the sprinter cracked and fell back last, leaving his companion to take his place; Bombay, the second favourite, soon passed him, and, commencing the descent of Tattenham Corner, lay first; Diogenes, the favourite, second, with Fleetfoot treading his heels off.

"The fav'rit's first round the corner!" the excited onlookers yelled.

"The fav'rit's won now, I tell you!" a burly bookmaker screamed. It seemed ages to Paxton ere Fleetfoot showed sweeping wide round the bend; he had evidently lost a length or two descending the difficult hill, and was now only fifth, with the favourite several lengths in front, the latter's jockey sitting as still as a statue. The excitement on the stands was intense as the horses struggled for mastery. Wild ejaculations burst from the spectators, like the "crack-crack" of a huge firework, now here, now there. There is not much time to think in watching the finish of the Derby, but there was hardly a spectator who did not feel assured of the victory of Diogenes, when suddenly little "Apples," on Fleetfoot, was seen to be gradually creeping up; now, he had made up two lengths, now, three, and presently he was alongside the favourite, when a ding-dong struggle commenced. Pelting along, each horse and jockey straining every nerve, every muscle at the highest tension; each racer and man mad with the feverish excitement of the race. First one in front, then the other; it was a question as to which stride would reach the post first. A few lengths from the judge's box, little "Apples" gritted his teeth together, summoned all his courage, gave his mount a tremendous rib-binder with the whip, and applied his spurs. The favourite's rider did the same, and they passed the post locked together, every vein in their bodies tingling, neither knowing which had won.

The beautiful girl hanging on Captain Paxton's arm trembled like an aspen-leaf, hardly daring to look at her companion's white face, as she anxiously whispered, "What's won?"

He had turned his glasses on the judge's box, waiting for the fateful number to be hoisted. No one except "the man in the box" could tell with certainty which was the victor, the finish was such a desperately close one, and the angles are very deceptive at Epsom.

In a few seconds—it seemed a lifetime to Paxton—"No. 12" was hoisted in the frame, and, turning to the eager young lady peering lovingly into his face for an answer, he said, "Fleetfoot's won, darling, and it's my last race!" Then he rushed away through the cheering spectators to lead his horse into the weighing enclosure.

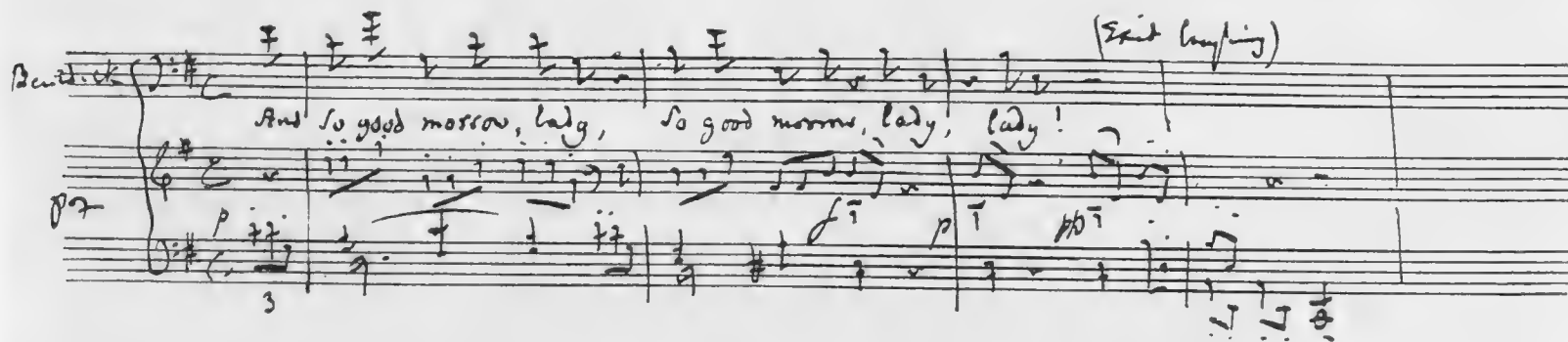


## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

SUCCESS OF DR. VILLIERS STANFORD'S "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT THE ROYAL OPERA.

NOT for many years has any work by an English musician caused so much discussion as Dr. Stanford's new opera, produced at Covent Garden on May 30. It is a curious fact, as showing the difficulty an English composer has in obtaining recognition in his native land, that "Much Ado About Nothing" is the fifth opera Dr. Stanford has written, but most of these were produced in Germany. Shakspeare's

begins and ends this Act. The second Act opens in Leonato's garden, where Claudio sings a graceful serenade, accompanied by guitars and mandolines. After the serenade comes a charming love-duet for Hero and Claudio. A lively contrast is made by the humorous scenes of Beatrice and Benedick, the music being entirely appropriate. The second Act closes with the scene in which the jealous Claudio supposes Hero to be embraced by Borachio, Margaret being really the person. The third Act contains music of a more serious kind. It opens with the marriage hymn, sung by the Monks, and ends with the funeral hymn, sung as the supposed dead body of Hero is borne past. The interview between Beatrice and Benedick is very animated and dramatic, as the lady urges



FACSIMILE FROM THE ORIGINAL SCORE OF "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," COURTEOUSLY SUPPLIED BY DR. VILLIERS STANFORD TO "THE SKETCH."

play was employed as an operatic libretto by Berlioz, who, under the title of "Beatrice and Benedick," brought out a light comic opera at Baden in 1862. But the French composer deals only with the humorous scenes in which Beatrice and Benedick appear. Dr. Stanford's work is more comprehensive, and he contrasts more effectively the poetic episodes of Hero and Claudio with the humorous passages; the librettist, Mr. Julian Sturgis, earning our gratitude by introducing words and phrases

## FROM SHAKSPEARE'S BEAUTIFUL PLAY

wherever possible. Thus, in the charming comedy-scene where Benedick is persuaded that Beatrice loves him the opera follows the original closely. The first Act takes place in the house of Leonato, a masked ball being in progress, in which Hero appears as the "Queen of Summer," in a pretty dress almost entirely covered with roses, and singing a song in praise of summer. Next, the visitors dance a saraband, in which the composer has most happily caught the spirit of that stately dance, being also equally successful in a morris-dance recalling the jovial times of Good Queen Bess. A charming setting of "Sigh no more, ladies,"

Benedick to be revenged on Claudio. The last Act has some excellent music, one of the items being a song for Benedick, "To-morrow's my wedding-day," and a brief scene for Dogberry and Verges occurs. They capture Borachio, and make him confess his part in the plot of Don John. Meanwhile, Hero is discovered to be living. There is another lively scene between Beatrice and Benedick, and all ends happily with the choral refrain, "Sigh no more, ladies," followed by a dance.

## THE FIRST PERFORMANCE, CONDUCTED BY SIGNOR MANCINELLI,

was an admirable one. The Beatrice of Miss Marie Brema, whose silvery voice was heard to perfection, thoroughly realised the character of the heroine, while her rendering of the music was excellent. Madame Suzanne Adams was equally successful as Hero; Mr. David Bispham most happily caught the capricious humour of Benedick, singing throughout in his best style. Mr. Coates, the new tenor, was very successful in the music of Claudio; he also acted the character with spirit. Mr. Foster, of the Royal College of Music, made a very agreeable Don Pedro. The fine French basso, M. Plançon, was a dignified



Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.]

MR. LEONARD BOYNE, WHO PLAYS COLONEL VERNON



[Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.]

MISS KITTY CHEATHAM, WHO PLAYS MRS. O. FISH WITHERS

IN THE PRODUCTION OF MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR'S NEW COMEDY, "A LADY FROM TEXAS," AT PENLEY'S THEATRE.

Priest, and Herr Blass excellent as Dogberry. Chorus and orchestra were efficient, and Signor Mancinelli took the utmost pains throughout the opera. There was great enthusiasm, and Dr. Stanford's triumph was complete. The fresh and intelligent chorus could not be over-praised.

#### THE COVENT GARDEN SEASON GENERALLY

progresses satisfactorily. It is not often that so good an opportunity is afforded of comparing distinguished singers. "Lohengrin" was presented by M. Messenger on Saturday se'nnight—the night of a regrettable contretemps—with Madame Eames as Elsa, Frau Fränkel Claus as Ortrud; and on the following Tuesday night Wagner's romantic Knight-of-the-Swan opera was given, with Frau Gadski and Mdle. Olitzka in the same parts. Frau Gadski, though the better actress, and though she sang extremely well, suffered by comparison with Madame Eames, whose beautifully rounded notes are mellower than ever this year, while she is also more animated than she used to be. Somehow, Frau Fränkel Claus, though equal to the trying music, did not seem to realise the character of Ortrud as clearly as Mdle. Olitzka did. The tenor on both occasions was Herr Knote, who proved himself an excellent Lohengrin, quite worthy the reputation he has earned. He acts well, and has a really charming voice of the true tenor quality. In fine, he made an acceptable substitute for M. Jean de Reszke, whose absence is an absence that is felt. The accident I referred to occurred in the first Act. During the duel, Herr Mohwinkel, the Telramund, was unfortunately hurt by the hilt of Lohengrin's sword, and had to retire precipitately, his face bleeding. His part had to be taken and was performed to admiration by Herr Muhlmann, who had played the Herald in the opening Act of "Lohengrin." M. Dufriche then figured in the last-named part, and Herr Blass was a sonorous Henry the Fowler.

If the chorus was not perfection, save in "Much Ado," leniency should be shown a zealous Management which in one week could perform the prodigious task of placing on the new stage of Covent Garden such diverse and elaborate works as "Faust," with Suzanne Adams, Saléza, and Plançon, on Monday; "Lohengrin" on Tuesday; "Tannhäuser," with Mesdames Eames and Strakosch, Van Dyck, and Herr Van Rooy as the best of Wolframs, and a new Venusberg scene, on Wednesday; the new Villiers-Stanford opera of "Much Ado About Nothing" on Thursday; repetition of "Lohengrin" in lieu of "Les Huguenots," owing to M. Saléza's indisposition, on Friday; and "Siegfried," with Herr Knote, Fräulein Ternina, and Herr Van Rooy, on Saturday—a colossal achievement which has to be repeated every week of the season.

#### THE STATUE OF SIR HENRY IRVING

which the eminent sculptor, Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., has "chiselled" for the Guildhall Art Gallery (reproduced on page 259) is, as *Sketch* readers will see by the picture, one of the most striking "counterfeit presentments" yet seen of our leading actor-manager. The sculptor has so faithfully caught not only Sir Henry's wonderful, piercing eyes, but also his calm expression of rich mental power and intellectuality, that even anyone who has never seen or known the beloved "Chief," as his ever faithful and loyal followers delight to call him, would, gazing at this marble artistic achievement, fully understand how it is that Sir Henry has gained such world-wide popularity, and has achieved such remarkable triumphs in the Art which he so loves and adorns. The sculptor, who kindly presented this beautiful piece of work to the Guildhall Art Gallery and Library, has depicted Sir Henry as Hamlet the Dane what time that perplexed young Prince is sitting in the Throne-chair pondering the question whether it is better To Be or Not To Be. And so realistic is the expression of the actor's noble brow and the keen eyes that I declare that, from whichever point I examined the splendid face, the eyes of my old friend Irving seemed looking at me.

#### THE IRVING REVIVALS AT THE LYCEUM.

The most important of the holiday-time changes was, of course, Sir Henry Irving's revival of "Robespierre" at the Lyceum. That this revival of Sardou's specially-written play was welcome, of course, goes without saying. It is in this French Revolutionary piece that Sir Henry is seen in, at once, his most restrained and also his most realistic form of character-acting. As a "producer" of living, breathing—not to say blaring—crowds upon the stage, nothing shows Sir Henry's skill and tact better than "Robespierre." In this regard, he has again been nobly aided by his stage-manager and old friend and associate, Mr. Harry J. Loveday. Miss Ellen Terry has once more proved her ability to charm all beholders in the (for her) small character of Clarisse, and Sir Henry's new "juvenile," Mr. H. B. Stanford, has scored heavily in Mr. Kyrle Bellew's original part of Robespierre's sometime unknown son, even as he has won success as the earnest young officer, Christian, in the Chief's ever-welcome revival of "The Bells" after his "Waterloo" masterpiece on Wednesdays.

"Robespierre" will continue in possession of the Lyceum stage every evening this week, with a matinée on Saturday. Next Monday, "Madame Sans-Gêne" will be revived, and will be continued every evening until the 22nd inst. inclusive, with the exception of the 12th and 19th, when "The Bells" and "Waterloo" and "The Lyons Mail" will be given. The last-named play—in which Sir Henry will be ever-memorable for playing both a gentle hero and a brutal murderer—is to be repeated on the 26th, and that will be its last performance this season. Matinées of "Madame Sans-Gêne"—the name-part in which is one of the ever-fascinating Miss Terry's most fascinating impersonations—will be given on the 12th, 15th, 19th, and 22nd inst.

#### ARTHUR ROBERTS AT THE STRAND.

It was, perhaps, only fitting that Arthur Roberts should make his West-End re-entry at the Strand, seeing that he was, for obvious reasons, unable to regain possession of his previous strongholds, the Avenue (where "The Night of the Party" still rules merrily) and the Lyric, which has just been fitted with "The Silver Slipper." It was at the Strand that Mr. Roberts made one of his best London successes, namely, in "A Modern Don Quixote," written by the since prolific musical playwright, Mr. George Dance, and composed by Mr. John Crook, who is now in Australia under engagement to Mr. George Musgrove.

Mr. Roberts brings along for his re-entry at the West-End

#### "H.M.S. IRRESPONSIBLE."

In this truly gay go-as-you-please "playlet" (as Mr. Roberts calls it), this quaint comedian is really seen at his quaintest. Mr. Roberts starts as a naval officer's servant. He next poses as that naval officer himself, suffering from a most malignant form of *mal-de-mer*. Anon, he bobs up from below as a terribly begrimed Irish stoker, full of the most Hibernian Hibernicisms; and, in due course, he poses as a foreign waiter crammed full of dialects of the most diverse character. In each and all of these "quick-change" impersonations he is undoubtedly seen at his blithest and best. To many patrons, however, of this mostly amusing show it must be a matter of regret that such sweet singers and artistic actresses as Miss Kate Cutler and Miss Florence Perry—not to mention such a capable humorist as Mr. W. H. Denny—have not more scope for their respective abilities.

#### CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD'S "SWEET AND TWENTY."

One of the most successful of the West-End holiday entertainments was undoubtedly Captain Basil Hood's charming Vaudeville play, "Sweet and Twenty." This delightfully pure and fresh piece is going tremendously every evening and at the Wednesday matinées. Indeed, it seems likely that it will be very long before Captain Hood will need to deliver to Messrs. A. and S. Gatti and Charles Frohman his next Vaudeville comedy, with leading parts for the ever-charming Miss Ellaline Terriss and her clever husband, Mr. Seymour Hicks. When that new play is delivered, it is, I may tell you, more than likely to bear the sweet (and also Shaksperian) title of "Fancy Free."

#### MR. TREE'S SUBURBAN TOUR.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree on Monday last started at Mr. E. G. Saunders's beautiful Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, a short suburban tour, just to fill in time while the great Sarah Bernhardt and the ditto Coquelin are occupying Her Majesty's. Mr. Tree (with Mrs. Tree as his leading lady) has a varied as well as an excellent repertory, including "Captain Swift" (the first and, perhaps, still the best of Mr. Haddon Chambers's plays), "The Red Lamp," and the late George Du Maurier's "Trilby," which caused such a sensation some few years ago. In all these, as well as in the two after-pieces "carried"—namely, "The Ballad-Monger" and "Katharine and Petruchio"—Mr. Tree is seen at his best. At the last night of his season at Her Majesty's, Mr. Tree presented, in addition to "Twelfth Night," the last Act of Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Herod," with Mrs. Tree, for the first time, as Salome. When Mr. Tree returns to Her Majesty's in the autumn, he will produce this clever young poet's new play written around Ulysses.

#### THE VICTORIA CUP FOR HURST PARK.

The Victoria Cup, which takes the form of a solid gold statuette of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, is a replica of the statue, executed by Sir Edgar Boehm, Bart., erected opposite Hyde Park, Sydney, New South Wales, and unveiled by Lady Carrington in 1888. The gold statuette was designed and executed by Priora, an Italian artist then resident in Sydney, and was to have been presented to Lady Carrington, wife of the then Governor, but etiquette forbade its acceptance, and now it is to serve as a racing award.



THE VICTORIA CUP FOR HURST PARK.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*In Paris—The Bullies of the Highway—The English and the French "Scorchers"—Eccentricity in Wheeling Garb—The Parisian Jehu—The Prudes' Trip to Paris.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, June 5, 9.9; Thursday, 9.9; Friday, 9.10; Saturday, 9.11; Sunday, 9.12; Monday, 9.13; Tuesday, 9.13.

No cyclist loves the country lanes of his own land better than I do. In all the world there is no sweeter, more enticing scenery, more peaceful dells, finer stretches of good wheeling road. And, having said that, I may be at liberty, further, to say that it is well for the British wheelman, now and then, to get away from England and go roaming among other scenes. I am writing this from Paris, where I have been a week. There is as much likeness between London and Paris as between Hercules and myself. Cycling round Paris is altogether different from cycling round London. The contrast is striking, and for that reason alone there is something to be urged that the jaded London wheelman should take a trip across the Channel. Everything is made easy for the cyclist. There is no need to belong to the "C.T.C." to get easily past the Customs. An expenditure of sixpence is all that is necessary. If you are carrying your machine by rail, you will do it much cheaper in France than in England.

I see by the papers there was delightful weather in England at Whitsuntide. In France it has been charming. The coming of summer has been a little late in "la belle France" as well as in perfidious Albion. But now it has settled. The leaves are all fresh with a yellowy-green tinge, soft and cooling. Paris is necklaced with woods, and during the holidays I never went anywhere without meeting hordes of wheelmen. There are plenty of motor-cars, but, writing merely from one's impression and remembrance, they are not so numerous as they were last year. I don't like the brutes. Many of them are painted like torpedo-boats, and they drive straight at you with the same murderous intent. They approach you with the clatter of demented steam-engines. When they have swept by, they fill your eyes with dust and your nostrils with an odour which is not that of the violet. And the speed—why the speed for which automobilists are charged before magistrates in England is a mere dawdle by comparison! Motor-cars are the bullies of the highway, and we are all cowards before them.

If the study of mankind is man, the study of the wheelman should be his brother wheelmen, with a kindly loose eye, of course, on his sister wheelwoman. Had I the facility of an artist, I would like to draw sketches of the English and French cyclist to show comparison. The English "scorchers" I know. I have plumbed his wickedness, and found him an objectionable person. But I am not so sure of his Gallic prototype. The English "scorchers," in his tight-fitting clothes, his crook-back, his long, thin face, his hard glint in the eyes, his tight lips, shows himself to be a man to whom speed is everything. Everything in the wheel line on the road he must pass: his pace is that of the Messenger of Death. Angels might be performing a pastoral play in an adjoining wood, but they wouldn't attract him. He has an interest in nothing but his speed, and he will smile contemptuously if you are so foolish as to tell him your average rate for the day has been only ten miles.

There is the "scorchers" in France, and I have seen a good deal of him this last week. He makes more fuss, but doesn't travel quite so fast. And I think he doesn't ride fast simply because he can't help it—which I will say in extenuation of my fellow-countryman—but from planned and deliberate intention. On Sunday morning I took a rest under a tree and watched crowds of him "scorch" by. He had come out not for pleasure, but for pace. His wheel was invariably a racer, often wooden-rimmed, only occasionally free-wheeled. His dress, which passes unnoticed in France, would cause him to run a gauntlet of rude criticism were he to venture down the Ripley Road in it some Sunday morning. He wears loose-fitting breeches, rather like an athlete's pants, reaching to just above the knee. He wears boots, high-legged, and socks with circular stripes peeping over the top. He discards a coat and wears a

jersey, generally with a band circling the middle. His hat is sensible, for it is soft felt, easy and limp, and often he likes to wear it sugar-loaf fashion, with four-point bashes à la the cow-punchers of Nevada. His is a light craft with light sails, and, with his back arched and his elbows akimbo, away he goes pell-mell for all he is worth.

The Parisian cyclist both rides better and doesn't ride better than his London friend. He sits his machine awkwardly. I am no upholder of the arm-chair attitude in cycling, but the Parisian goes to the other extreme, and always looks as though he is stooping over to pick something or other off the ground. His seat is too far back, and he pedals recklessly. As he comes along the road, he doesn't follow a direct course, but jogs all over the place. So far, he is inferior to the Londoner. But every time I come to Paris I am filled with amaze at his facility in traffic. The Paris Jehu is a poor hand with a horse; also he is something of an ass and is quite above recognising any rules of the road. I risk my life fifty times a-day at his hands. This very afternoon I sat for an hour on the Champs-Élysées watching the crowd come back from the Bois. Every now and then there was a wedged-up mass of carriages, with motor-cars ploughing through them like ice-cutting steamers in the Baltic, and all the while cyclists were dodging about between carriages, under the noses of horses, escaping by an inch from motor-cars, in a way that would put the London newspaper-carriers to the blush. In the hour I saw only one bicycle smashed and one upset without a smash, which was wonderful.

When I get sufficient money and am philanthropically inclined, I propose to arrange an excursion of prudes to Paris. Before starting, however, I will insist that they go down Kingston way on a breezy Saturday afternoon. I will then deliver them a little speech, the substance of which will be, "My dear ladies, you are the bulwarks of modesty in England. When girls first took to cycling, you thought them forward hussies, no better than they should be. You've got over that, and recognise that a girl can still cycle and attend Sunday School without any incongruity. Now, I want to show you a little procession." Then I would have a lot of nice girls ride past on their machines. They would wear long skirts, which would flip and flop and look ungainly and retard progress; and now and then the wind would be roguishly rompish and reveal the horrible fact that those girls actually have ankles which modest minds would have been absolutely ignorant of. Then I would ship my prudes over to Paris. I would give them seats beneath the trees up near the Arc de Triomphe. Then I would

have another procession of nice girls—French ones. They would be riding men's-shaped bicycles. They would be wearing straw-hats with dainty bows on the side; they would be wearing neat-fitting blouses of bright colours; also they would be wearing black "bloomers." It would be possible to see their ankles. My prudes would blush, but I would prohibit them even using leaves as screens. I would then address them thus: "My dear ladies, these are nice girls—quite as nice as your own daughters. What you think of these girls which is not complimentary was thought of your own girls when they first took to wheeling. Now, that girl who is passing, doesn't she look *petite* and cool and pretty in her dress? Your eyes are getting used to the sight! Do you remember the tricks of the wind down Kingston way? Oh, of course, I won't mention it further! Now, you will come and have tea with these girls. You'll find them charming and modest, and also you will find them sensible." When I have brought my dames back to England, I will make them missionaries in the cause of sense and gracefulness and beauty. After that, the Rational Dress League will present me with a wreath of laurel.

J. F. F.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring *ABSOLUTE ACCURACY* in the matters of *NAMES* and *DATES*, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



MISS VESTA TILLEY.

"Why was Hayden Coffin?" "Because he'd lent his—(name of a famous music-hall artiste supplied by 'Dagonet')." "

Photo by Foulsham and Bunfield, Wigmore Street, W.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## EPSOM RACING NOTES.

*Epsom.*

Although I stand almost alone in saying so, I am not afraid to state that, in my opinion, the Epsom Meeting is one of the best-managed fixtures in England. True, Mr. H. M. Dorling, the enterprising Clerk of the Course, is more or less hampered by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who take this particular meeting

horse thought he was fat and would not win, but they told Cannon to jump away quickly and make all the running. This he did, and the horse won easily. Revenue is owned by Mr. J. Gubbins, who won the race with Galtee More, and Olympian is the property of Mr. Keene, who won the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire with Foxhall. Both Olympian and Revenue are trained at Beckhampton by Sam Darling, who is R. Marsh's father-in-law. Twenty-five years ago, I used to course over the Beckhampton estate, when George Fordham ran several greyhounds. The training-grounds are the healthiest and soundest in England.

*Ascot.*

I am pleased to hear that Major Clements expects a big crowd at the Ascot Meeting this year. The applications for admission to the Royal Enclosure have been quite as numerous as usual, and it is to be hoped the Ring will be filled, to give those a chance of admission who could hardly hope to enter the Holy of Holies when the members of Royalty were present. The Gold Cup will be a good race. If Codoman is started, he is very likely to win, and I think Harrow will run very well for the Royal Hunt Cup. The Duke of Westminster, who is to entertain for the meeting, will pick up some races with his smart two-year-olds that have been specially saved for the meeting. I believe the Duke of Devonshire will run some of the horses at the meeting that he has leased from His Majesty the King, but I am not so sure that there are many good ones in the lot.

*Names.*

I am very glad to hear that the gentlemen who manipulate the badges to be worn by boys leading horses in the paddock have decided to substitute the name of the horse for the number of the animal on the card. This will be a move in the right direction, as, to say the least of it, it is hard work singling out about fifty sets of figures. Punters can easily locate the

paces which the horses are engaged in, and, speaking from a purely sentimental point of view, the name of the horse is more impressive than a mere figure would be. A friend of mine has invented a nose-band on which the name of a horse could be printed. It is a capital idea. I am glad to be able to state that our racing officials are an enterprising lot of men. They are prepared to adopt any idea that is likely to add to the comfort of their patrons.

CAPTAIN COE.

COMING ON TO EPSOM DOWNS FROM THE TOWN.

under their wing; but I fancy Mr. Dorling has his own way in many things, and the consequence is always a big success at Epsom. It is impossible to get a quart into a pint-pot, and it is difficult to find comfortable standing-room for the many hundreds who clamour for admission to Tattersall's Ring at Epsom. But why I like Epsom, and shall always sing the praises of the meeting, is because the poor people, those who pay nothing to go on to the course, can see all the racing from the hill in ease and comfort. It is a thousand pities that the paddock is so far from the weighing-enclosure, and I have often thought that the ground at the back of the Grand Stand now used for cabs might be utilised for a paddock, but I believe there are certain manorial rights that cannot easily be overcome.

*The Derby.*

I hope to see Volodyovski win the Derby easily. The horse is owned by Lady Meux, known to old Gaiety-goers. Her Ladyship raced for some years under the nom-de-course of "Mr. Theobald," but she met with very little success. The colt is leased to Mr. Whitney, who is a City magnate. He is a real good sportsman, and I hope he will continue to win races on the English Turf, as we want owners of his stamp to come and to stay. Huggins, who trains the colt, is a masterpiece at the art. He had intended to return to America after Mr. Lorillard reduced his stud, but he became so attached to the late Lord William Beresford that he decided to remain in England and train for his Lordship, who was one of the best sportsmen the world has yet produced. Huggins is a very rich man, and it is to his credit that he stays on, probably with a view to showing us what he can do with the horses that were left under his charge after the lamented death of the late Lord William Beresford. Huggins does not hurry his horses in their work. He believes in training them on the easy principle, and he is highly successful.

*Some Trainers.*

Handicapper is owned by Sir E. Cassel, who is a big City magnate; the colt is trained by F. W. Day, a very clever trainer and veterinary surgeon. Day has turned out some big winners that started at long prices. Floriform is owned by Mr. Tom Jay, of mourning fame; the horse is trained at Garlogs by Tom Cannon junior, who would undoubtedly have become a leading jockey had it been only possible for him to have kept his weight down. It was young Tom Cannon who rode Goldseeker to victory in the City and Suburban; the managers of the



WATCHING THE COACHES ARRIVE ON THE HILL.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

ASCOT in the immediate foreground raises a vista of fashion before the dazzled feminine gaze which reduces all other festal occasions to something like mediocrity. The dressmakers are to a woman in a fine frenzy of overwork, and their customers equally in a twitter of expectation about forthcoming frills and furbelows, for great is the solemnity which doth hedge around a well-cut gown, and no less poignant the desolation that follows a misfitted one. For Ascot, therefore, all the best efforts of customer and couturière are collectively put forth, and, though that section of Society which oscillates immediately about the Court is in mourning, the world without will be very colourfully represented at the Great Week this Season notwithstanding, and both Paris and the West-End of our own big, ugly town are buried to the hilt in the manufacture of chiffons at the present moment. The muslin of the minute, to name one favourite material only, is silk, and, furthermore, printed where it cannot be painted, for muslins adopted by *élégantes* of this Season, be it well understood, are not the simple and unpretending fabrics with which we have fluttered through other summers. Far from it. The glorified mousseline-de-soie of the moment, with its painted posies and garnitures of jewelled lace—another “high novelty” of Paris—is, altogether, about the apex and acme of such extravagance as a summer-gown can accomplish. An Ascot gown of this æsthetic species that I have seen is in ivory silk-muslin, with bouquets of La France roses straggling in the most delicious profusion all over it. A trellis-work of rose-stems flanked by superlatively

designed for Cup Day which, besides its originality, is eminently smart and becoming, consists entirely of crinkled silk poppy-leaves in white and the tenderest shadings of watery-green. A great French man-milliner has concocted this fairy-like costume. “It is altogether of his own,” and I don’t suppose there will be another like it on the Berkshire downs.



A PRETTY DRESS OF PALE-BLUE LINEN.



[Copyright.]

A DINNER-GOWN OF WHITE CHIFFON AND BLACK LACE.

A parasol made to match goes with it, each little leaf overlapping its fellow, so that the mere matter of foundation is never suggested. Of course, there is a zouave of the same ineffable composition, which goes over a bodice of folded white chiffon. A high belt of folded white and pale-green chiffon finishes all. A dress to trail gloriously about green lawns on gala-days, indeed! But the question arises, Dare one ever sit down on anything so recklessly diaphanous? I cannot enter into the glories of the accompanying hat, which made its effect with the artful simplicity of green chiffon, black tulle, and real Brussels. That must really be left to the imagination of the enthusiastic.

It is not alone clothes, however, that contribute to the entire summing-up of a smart woman nowadays. Accessories play at least an equal part, and of these the most important is jewellery. Never was woman more bedecked than now: chains, bangles, brooches, ear-rings, necklaces, and the gods know what not beside, go to the complete “altogether,” though not in the lamented Du Maurier’s sense, of a well-equipped dame. Gold purses studded with jewels play also an inevitable part in every smart ensemble, and Wilson and Gill, of 134, Regent Street, have, I hear, an especially fine collection of these favoured and favourite gewgaws. Their pearl collars are also things of beauty. But, as everybody wears a diamond-clasped pearl collar nowadays, and as the purchase of one means, moreover, a solid investment, no one grudges the initial investment who has both wisdom and ready-money together. Wilson and Gill are also very happy in the design and achievement of jewelled hat-pins—a form of gaud against which no woman could or should be proof, seeing that it gives the last touch of elegance to all

realistic-looking brown thorns forms the waist-belt, and a similar embellishment composes the divinest bolero that the ingenuity of even a Gallic brain could devise. Have I explained that these trellised rose-stems are of the usual soft green indiarubber tubing? Another dress



well-considered millinery. Some of this firm's special designs in "Nouveau Art" are miracles of dexterous elegance. To silver ware and electro-plate, both decorative and domestic, Wilson and Gill give also particular attention. Most of their designs are models of form and finish. I particularly admired a table-mirror the embossed Louis Quinze frame of which would make a notably elegant addition to any room; and, in the many attractive trifles which decorate their glass cases, Wilson and Gill's shop especially recommends itself to the wayfarer who explores Regent Street.

Diving beneath the surface of things to the matter of corsets, I am asked by divers fair (or dark?) correspondents if I recommend the straight-fronted stays which dressmakers are now pressing on their notice, to which, of course, I can but unhesitatingly answer "Yes." As a matter of mere fashionable fact, Paris was conquered by the "new figure" several seasons ago, and it is only left for the modish woman to wonder how fair Anglo-Saxons have resisted its reasonable and recommendable outlines so long.

The modish outline of to-day differs greatly from that of even two seasons ago, and the pushed-up figure and pinched-in waist are already things of the past among those in the "first cry." We on this side of the Channel are usually reticent about adopting fresh devices of fashion, especially when these devices are of such a revolutionary order as is that of the new corset. But "La Samothrace," which can be obtained of the London Corset Company, of 42, New Bond Street, has been well proved as not only shapely and graceful, but sensible as well, giving freedom to heretofore "congested districts," and thereby winning the hearty approval of medical men, who breathed fire and sword against the old order. So my confiding correspondents may be well assured that in adopting the new order they are doing the best possible thing for both themselves and their figures.

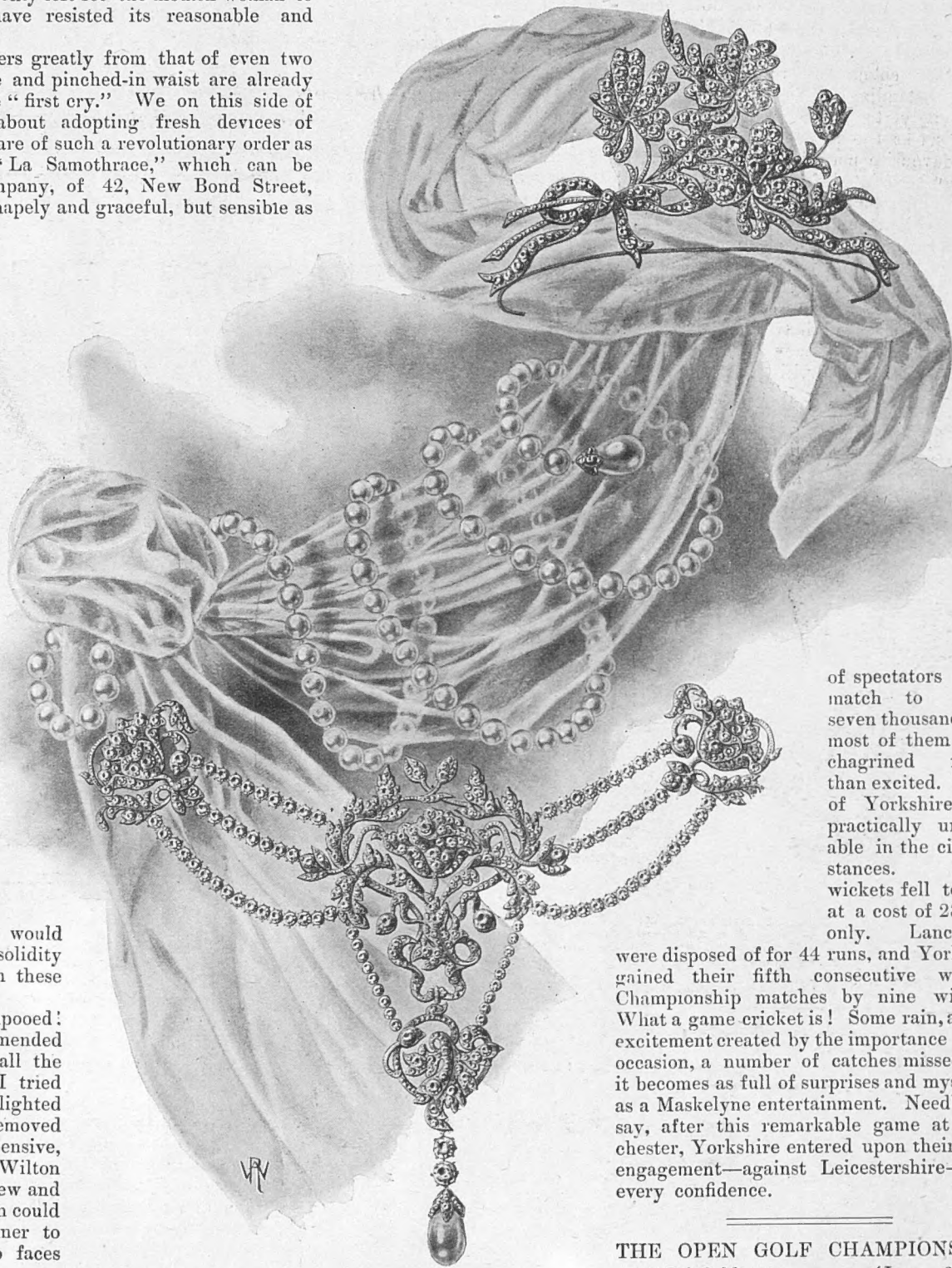
Apropos, the newest form of "suspenders" worn by Parisian mondaines is finished with jewelled clasps. Can extravagance go further? And while on these subterranean subjects, let me add that all underclothing is now shaped to the figure, in contradistinction to the deposed voluminous folds and frills once so popular. Even nightgowns are shaped to the waist, and, with their elaborately laced collars and be-flounced and trained edges, are really more like garden-party gowns than one could have once believed possible. I don't suppose for a minute that our grandmothers would realise their actual aims, tucks and solidity being the order of the night when these good ladies had their being.

Fancy having one's carpets shampooed: What next, indeed? Someone recommended me to somebody, and, as I am in all the storm and stress of moving house, I tried the experiment forthwith, and am delighted therewith. All the stains have been removed by this new process, which is not expensive, and one's down-trodden Brussels or Wilton pile comes back looking absolutely new and rejuvenated. If only one's complexion could be renovated in this delightful manner to match—but time seems less kind to faces than fabrics.

For delicacy of detail and elegance of outline, few family jewels can compete with the corsage-ornament and tiara *en suite* which are represented on our pages this week as the work of the Parisian Diamond Company. Designed by artists of high reputation, carried out by experts in the craft of the lapidary, such intrinsically beautiful gem-work might be worn by a Royal Princess. The Parisian Diamond Company has done more to add to the present popularity of jewellery amongst the sex than we readily realise. Neither talent, trouble, nor cost has been spared in its aims, and the results should justify it of its wisdom, seeing the world-wide reputation that has been achieved.—SYBIL.

#### A MATCH IN THE COUNTY CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP.

Of all the matches played last week, none commanded more attention than that between Lancashire and Yorkshire at Old Trafford. The small scores intensified this, as nearly everywhere else they were comparatively large. A win by Lancashire would have been popular among those who are mindful of the county's ill-luck in the matter of the unfortunate Briggs. Yorkshire's position at the head of the counties remained, however, undisturbed. At the close of the opening-day there were probabilities of excitement on the next, for but one run was the difference on the first innings. Rhodes and Hirst for Yorkshire, Sharp, Webb, and Mold for the other side, on the dampened wicket, proved very destructive. Some twenty thousand persons on Tuesday swelled the total



CORSAGE-ORNAMENT AND TIARA EN SUITE AT THE  
PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

of spectators at the match to forty-seven thousand, and most of them were chagrined rather than excited. Hirst, of Yorkshire, was practically unplayable in the circumstances. Seven wickets fell to him at a cost of 23 runs only. Lancashire

were disposed of for 44 runs, and Yorkshire gained their fifth consecutive win in Championship matches by nine wickets. What a game cricket is! Some rain, a little excitement created by the importance of the occasion, a number of catches missed, and it becomes as full of surprises and mysteries as a Maskelyne entertainment. Needless to say, after this remarkable game at Manchester, Yorkshire entered upon their sixth engagement—against Leicestershire—with every confidence.

#### THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

At Muirfield to-morrow (June 6) the greatest honour that golf has to bestow will have been won, probably by Harry Vardon, who since his successful tour in

America has shown such consistently fine form. It was at Muirfield, in 1892, that Mr. Harold H. Hilton (Amateur Champion) won his first Open Championship, and, singularly enough, his opponent was Mr. John Ball junior, who two years previously had gained the distinction of being the first amateur to win this all-important competition. On the occasion of the second visit to the course of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers in 1896, it was Harry Vardon who proved victorious, and, except for Mr. Hilton's second win in 1897, he and J. H. Taylor (winner in 1894 and 1895 and present holder) have during recent years practically shared Open Championship honours. Merit does not always come to the fore even in golf, but it cannot be said with truth that Vardon and Taylor have not deserved the proud positions both have obtained.

The excellent photos published on May 22 in *Sketch* of Mr. Balfour golfing on the Cinque Ports Golf Links at Deal were taken by Mr. J. Harry Gibson, of 144, Snargate Street, Dover.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on June 12.*

## YANKEES.

THE Northern Pacific "Moratorium," as it is called, lasts until June 10. After that date the Stock Exchange Committee will take into consideration the desirability of removing the present strings on the buying-in of the shares. There may be a slight tremor as the day draws near, but the Stock Exchange regards the matter in a very different light to that in which it viewed the position three weeks ago. The London bears, it is understood, are nearly all, if not all, in: have been allowed to repurchase at prices ranging from 140 to 200, and we are told in the House that there is nothing to fear. All things considered, the Yankee Market has every reason to shake hands with itself over its escape from a catastrophic blow which at one time was on the very point of falling. Now that the danger is all but over, the House tells itself that this is one of the very few occasions upon which members themselves stood in such risky places. Other crises have been precipitated, and would have been most felt, by people outside the Stock Exchange, but this Yankee débâcle was very near pulling down firms of the highest standing in the market through no fault of their own, and yet in consequence of purely internal market reasons.

How lightly the lesson has been taken to heart is apparent from the stories which daily reach these shores as to what is still happening in the Wall Street Market. The same old struggle for control of competitive lines is being continued, although in a more *piano* fashion, it is true; the same reports of amalgamations, agreements, reconstructions, are coming over, and all appearances at present point to another outbreak of the bull campaign as soon as things settle down to less abnormal conditions. Those who picked up Yankees in the panic will, we fancy, see higher prices yet before the end of the current half-year.

## THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

If the War is allowed to go on in its present charming fashion much longer, we should not be surprised to hear that the Kaffir Market of the Stock Exchange had at length risen in its might and bodily taken ship across the seas to put an end to the hostilities that are killing business, hope, and all that makes life worth living. A kind of despairing disappointment is settling over the Circus, and everyone admits that he sees nothing at present "to buy Kaffirs on." The public, naturally enough, holds aloof from either speculation or investment in South Africans, and the Continent has folded its hands. Therefore, shares have nothing but the "big houses" and the market to look to for support.

The Rand Mines report merely confirmed general expectation by stating that the Directors had decided to pay no interim dividend. More interesting, but not altogether unexpected either, is the Board's remark about financing some of the company's subsidiaries. This question of financing is one which must bulk largely in the market as soon as resumption of work in the Transvaal becomes general, instead of being only particular, as it now is. In the Stock Exchange they are talking about large new capital issues being necessary in order to place many of the companies in funds wherewith to restore machinery, to complete stamping equipments, and so forth. With its painful eagerness to forestall future eventualities, the market discusses this question of fresh money requirements with some anxiety, but its solution must remain obscure for many months, and in that time the inevitable rise may have come—if not have come and gone too.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

- "When are your markets going to wake up?"  
 "When will things be better?"  
 "Will prices ever be good again?"

This is the refrain, the burden, of about 50 per cent. of a broker's import correspondence nowadays. The other 50 per cent. is made up partly of demands

for certificates, partly of Country Holiday Fund appeals, and (a very small) partly of half-a-crown orders. One of these fine days there will be a rapid succession of Stock Exchange suicides and other deaths brought on by failure of the heart consequent upon failure of business, and the public may at last awake to a sense of its heinous iniquity in keeping its money on deposit at the Banks or otherwise sinfully engaged outside the Stock Exchange. In these decadent days I'd rather be a dog and bay the Derby winner than a mere Houseman.

Of course, it is largely the fault of Consols that things are so quiet, although, perhaps, Consols have not got so much to do with the public nervousness as—well, Whitaker Wright or Wall Street. In the case of "W. W.," the prevailing nervousness may not be without its uses. The whole group of his companies should be remorselessly cut by the outsider who holds such shares. That remarkable story about a coming speculative campaign, Bull v. Bear, in Le Roi shares is in itself enough to finally dispose of any doubts in the mind of the man who holds Le Roi and does not know whether to keep them or to sell. The London and Globe has smashed; the British America proposes voluntary liquidation after remarkable disclosures have been made as to the way in which it has conducted its business; Standard Explorations are unsaleable at a shilling; Rosslands, Kootenays, Nickels, and Caledonian Coppers—all £5 fully paid shares—range from £2 a share discount to £4 10s. discount, and so on; Le Roi are above par, certainly, while Lake Views and Ivanhoes are, of course, standing at very substantial premiums. But the same taint is over every one of them, and my honest advice to anyone who wants it is to get out of the things and let the insiders play their own little game amongst their own little selves.

One cannot help feeling a sentiment akin to pity for the young gentlemen of the Financial Press whose daily bread has to be earned by crying up the West African Market. It must be exceedingly hard to find anything at all to say about it, much more so to say pleasant things. For the Jungle has dropped into a kind of gloomy recess as regards business, which says lots for the feeble-heartedness of the market-maker, and not so much, we fear, for the prudence of the public. The recent issues were made much too rapidly for the shares to have any permanent chance of success after the allotment had been made. In

spite of innumerable warnings—and, incidentally, I may admit that even newspapers are not wholly without their usefulness at times—people have subscribed too liberally to the schemes which were dangled before them with so much plausibility last month. Now must come the period of waiting, and, personally, I would rather wait for Kaffirs than for Jungles, although the latter will certainly be given a run again: the market is still alive, only damped down pretty considerably.

There are a good many companies now issuing new shares and stock, Waihi, for instance, the North-Eastern Railway, Lyons, &c. Now, most people sell their rights for anything the latter will fetch so long as there is a premium hanging to them. I would venture to suggest that they shouldn't. Naturally enough, the jobbers in the Stock Exchange have come to learn this human-nature trait, and so it nearly always happens that the price for these new



SUGAR AND RUM GOING DOWN TO THE COAST IN JAMAICA.

issues is below that at which it ought to stand proportionately to the old shares, because it is an understood thing that the majority of people will rather sell their rights than hold them. By keeping these little odd bits, and paying up whatever may be due on them, the shareholder will do much better for himself in the long run than he will by selling now and pocketing the small premium. If a man thinks certain shares are good enough to hold, he should undoubtedly follow up that opinion by taking advantage of fresh lots offered to him at cheap prices, whether it leaves him with an odd number or not.

And, talking of odd numbers, may I point out that investors would often save themselves money by buying level amounts of shares (stock doesn't so much matter)? The old lady who buys seventeen Pawsons and Leafs would be much better advised had she given an order for fifteen or for twenty. They are more easily dealt in both as regards buying and selling, and the broker has frequently to give away a "turn" in negotiating a transaction either way. The Stock Exchange reckons in multiples of 5—a simple thing to remember, and one which will repay for remembrance, too.

The Yankee Market still mourns the loss of its beloved "Tootie," who so suddenly fell asleep the other week. Mr. James Brander, to give him his full name, was almost as well known as Mr. Harry Paxton, and in time would, no doubt, have become one of the leaders of the market. We all liked "Tootie." His very bluntness and brusquerie won him many warm friends, whilst his strident voice and excitable way of dealing made him known all round the House. Although it was the ticket-day, some two hundred of us stood round that newly-made grave in Finchley Cemetery to pay our last sad respects to his memory. Some of us returned to the House, but there was no business done for the rest of the afternoon, and Wall Street, by a curious coincidence, was closed for the day.

On several occasions I have audibly wondered in these columns why Bank shares did not improve, seeing that several return between 4 and 5 per cent. An advance is apparently on the point of starting, and there is a growing demand for Banks, notably for London and Counties and Westminster. The latter are still, at 66, decidedly cheap, and the bogey of uncalled capital need hardly trouble the investor who does not put all his eggs into the one basket. Lloyds shares, so far, have scarcely participated in the movement, and a buyer of Banks might profitably study the prospects of these. By the way, the London and Westminster's



head office in Lothbury is being spring-cleaned, and, while I am no authority on such matters, I don't think the Directors will contradict my estimate of £1500 as the expense of the work.

Industrial shares of every description are almost *taboo* nowadays, so far as the average investor goes. The market is one of the most difficult of all in which to deal, and in so many cases it is almost impossible to find a buyer for shares which are intrinsically excellent and which command a high, albeit so nominal, price. Liptons are approximating to their real value, but need not be bought until they come nearer 30s. than they are now, and the rise in Lyons has fully discounted the immediate future of the company, besides fully justifying the suggestions made from time to time in the "City Notes" of a certain chatty weekly journal. The Russian Oil collapse is due, in a large measure, to the clumsy scheme put forward, and now withdrawn, for amalgamating the Russian Petroleum and the Baku Petroleum concerns. It was a beautiful little arrangement for those who had sold all their Russians higher up. That an amalgamation would be advantageous to both companies there is no doubt at all, but the terms must be less inequitable to the Russian Petroleum shareholders, who had the most unusual good sense to make their voices heard in condemnation of the scheme. Speculative investments the shares are, and always must be, but I confess to a fondness both for Russians and for Spies, the latter being now about par, £1. As a quiet little investment of quite another type, I would suggest Weldon's Ordinary at 1½. They pay nearly 10 per cent. on the money, and the fact of there being very little market is the only reason for their cheapness which suggests itself to

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### AN INDISPENSABLE BOOK.

Mr. Walter R. Skinner has just published the fifteenth annual volume of his "Mining Manual," a companion volume to "The Stock Exchange Year-Book," and which is quite indispensable to every person who either invests or speculates in Mining shares. Like all Mr. Skinner's productions, the "Mining Manual" is both reliable and up-to-date, even containing the price of each company's shares on May 2 last—always supposing that any price was obtainable, which is unfortunately not invariably the case.

So anxious has the compiler of the "Manual" been to obtain and incorporate the latest information that in the appendix will be found a summary of the accounts of some mining companies submitted to the shareholders as late as the 14th of last month. It is almost needless to say that the volume just issued contains much information which will not be found in earlier years, such as the Gold Coast Concessions Ordinance of 1900, together with details of many of the new Jungle companies.

If we might offer a suggestion to Mr. Skinner, we think the usefulness of the book would be increased by a short summary of the labour conditions in force in Western Australia and other important Colonies, and a table showing the fluctuations in price of the principal metals, such as silver, copper, tin, and the like, with statistics of the visible supplies at a late date.

Saturday, June 1, 1901.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. E.—In consequence of the holidays, we went to press last week so early that your letter could not be answered, and the address you gave was too vague for a private letter. We do not advise the Great Central stock, as the outlook for Home Rails is very unpromising just now. The Preferences rank in order of date for dividend. As to the other investments, our opinion is against most of them, for reasons too long to give in detail here. Gas Light and Coke Ordinary, Inter-Oceanic of Mexico "A" Debentures, and Central Argentine Ordinary seem to us better.

GAMMA.—(1) This Debenture stock is all right, but was not over well applied for. (2) Like all patent process shares, these are speculative. The people connected with the company are most respectable. It is not the sort of thing we should care to hold as an investment.

CROMWELL.—Certainly a respectable broker would invest for you the small sum you mention, but before doing business would want references or the money to pay for what you tell him to buy. We have sent you the name of a firm, as we never mention brokers' names in the paper.

SUBSCRIBER.—The person whose circular you send us is, we feel sure, a vulgar tout, and, if you send him money, you will lose it. We are making inquiries through the City Police, and will let you know the result next week.

MEDICAL.—You are one of many victims, but, as the Official Receiver in Companies' Winding-up is now liquidator, you can only try to prove your claim. It appears to us that the loss on the stock open is more than the profit on that closed, so that the best thing for you to do is to repudiate the whole thing. Probably, if you do not do so, the Official Receiver will.

J. J.—If you invest, you will be very foolish and deserve to lose your money.

SCORER.—We have never known the people you inquire about repudiate or plead the Gambling Act; but, like all these outsiders, they run stock against clients, and their profit is made out of clients' losses, so what value can their advice be? You are very foolish to deal with them.

V. G.—Your letter was fully answered on the 31st ult.

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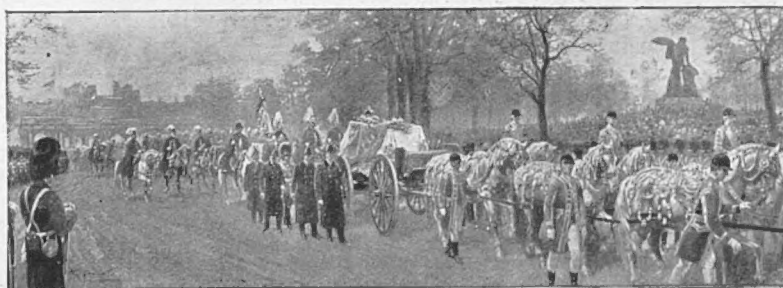
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